TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

It is a happy thing when a writer on "Around Town" topics lights upon a theme of personal interest to all his local readers. Such a subject occurs to me at the present moment. I refer to street-car accommodation—a matter in which pretty nearly every man, woman and child in Toronto has a practical and abiding interest.

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Our city has reached a stage when other locomotion than that furnished by Shanks' mare has become an imperative necessity. That necessity is chiefly ministered to by the Street Railway Company, which has extended its operations until there is hardly a nook or corner within the limits of the corporation which is not easily accessible by its means. So far as the administration of the company's affairs is concerned, our citizens have not much to complain of. Neither horses nor men are seriously overworked. On all the principal routes the cars are kept tolerably clean and sweet, and the service generally is as prompt and efficient as could reasonably be expected. There is probably no city on this continent of equal population where the street-car service is, on the whole, more satisfactory. One grand desideratum there certainly is, the supplying of which would greatly conduce to the public comfort and convenience. I allude to the seating of passengers. It would be highly satisfactory if the company would refuse to carry a greater number of passengers than can be comfortably seated. But this under the circumstances, is hardly to be expected of a private company to which pecuniary gain is naturally the first consideration, and which, in refusing to make such a concession, is clearly within its strict legal rights. Three years hence, perhaps, when the city takes over the railway into its own hands, we may hope for the enforcement of some regulation of this kind. Meanwhile, the absence of such a regulation is about the only serious impediment to the efficiency of the system in vogue.

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But there is one drawback arising from the conduct of the passengers themselves, to which it is worth while to call public attention. This is the disposition manifested by many persons who ride in street cars, to utterly ignore the rights of others, by occupying more space than one sitter is properly entitled to. The effect of this practice is that other passengers who have paid their fare, are compelled to stand. Not a day passes without furnishing examples of this reprehensible selfishness. It is not confined to persons of either sex, or to persons of lowly condition. No longer ago than yesterday I was brought face to face with a signal example of it on the part of a man of wealth and social position. Ladies are sometimes guilty of this offence through sheer thoughtlessness; but, as far as I have observed, it is most common among persons of the masculine gender. The man who occupies a seat and a half when he only pays for a single seat, and who thereby compels a tired and weary fellow-passenger to stand throughout a long journey, is certainly not entitled to be regarded as a Chesterfield. The woman who does so, is either culpably thoughtless, or culpably—well, let us say, *exclusive*.

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Speaking from my own personal experience, I may say that I have long since learned to abate this intolerable nuisance for myself, whenever it becomes necessary for me to do so. Whenever I enter a street car, and see five or six people occupying the space properly appertainable to seven or eight, I find or make a seat for myself with scant ceremony. I simply plank myself down between the two who seem to be arrogating to themselves the largest amount of space. I generally find myself for a moment on the knees of both, but it is astonishing how quickly they recede from each other and leave a clear space between. This is a simple enforcement of one's rights. It is liable to the objection that it may sometimes provoke unparliamentary language, or even a breach of the peace, but in my opinion the chance is worth taking, and I take it accordingly.

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After all, the company has it in its power to do something towards the removal of this objectionable practice. The conductors ought to be made the temporary custodians of the rights of the passengers, and should understand that it is their business to supply every passenger with a seat until the entire seating space has been occupied. They should be made to see that nobody is permitted to occupy two seats for one fare—at least whenever the car is full, and when space is an object. Such supervision as this on the part of the conductor would be eminently right and proper, and would be something to which nobody could take exception. I believe there is some sort of a general understanding that conductors are to discharge this duty, but their instructions on the subject are not very specific, and as matter of fact they are exceedingly remiss in discharging it. Their instructions should be definite and clear, and the company should see that they are strictly acted upon.

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The Early-Closing By-law came into operation in Toronto on the evening of Tuesday, the 15th inst. Since that time it has been generally obeyed by that portion of the mercantile community to which it applies. There have been two or three open transgressions of the law, but the police magistrate has refrained from passing judgment upon the trespassers until the result of the pending application to the Superior Court is made known. A number of the persons who conceive themselves to have been aggrieved, have entered into a combination to contest the validity of the by-law, and to resist to the last ditch what they regard as an unwarrantable interference with their rights. It is contended that the act authorizing the passing of the by-law is unconstitutional, and beyond the powers of the Legislature which enacted it. Eminent counsel have been retained on both sides, and there is every prospect of the matter being sifted to the bottom. It is probable, indeed, that the result of the application will be known before these lines appear in print.

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It must in all fairness be assumed that those persons who are chiefly responsible for the passing of the by-law, were actuated by the best of motives, and were honestly desirous of conferring benefit on an overworked class. At the same time it would be idle to pretend that the working of the regulation has so far been satisfactory. There is indeed a very strong feeling against it, and vigorous measures are being resorted to to render it a nullity. The business streets present an appearance of desolation long before nightfall, and in those which have hitherto been the most frequented thoroughfares, the hoodlums have things pretty much to themselves. The regulation bears with especial hardness on small storekeepers in the suburbs and outlying districts, and on streets not entirely devoted to commerce. A majority of these have not been in the habit of employing clerks, but have carried on business without assistance. These persons, accordingly, find themselves placed at a serious disadvantage, without any corresponding benefit to anyone. The consensus of public opinion seems to favor such a modification of the by-law as will simply curtail the hours of labor on the part of those employed in stores. Such a modification would fully meet the views of those who desire to mitigate the condition of the wage-earners, without prejudice to the welfare of non-employers of labor.

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The long session of the Dominion Parliament has come to an end, and the lawmakers of our land will have seven or eight months to recuperate their shattered energies. The session has been fruitful of legislation, much of which has been of an important character. The most important question of all—that relating to the fisheries—remains pretty much where it was, and is likely to so remain until after the next Presidential election. It is probably safe to assume that the final adjustment will be on or near the lines indicated by the Commissioners, but so far as this year 1888 is concerned, the question may be considered as on the shelf.

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The star of Home Rule for Ireland is not in the ascendant at the present time. The main point of its deflection is of course the recently-issued Papal rescript—a mandate which few zealous servants of the Roman Catholic Church will venture to disobey, however much they may mentally resent it as an unwarrantable concession to English influence at the Vatican. There can be no doubt that the hands of the Government have been materially strengthened by his Holiness, and that, for the present, the supporters of the plan of campaign have received a serious check. Other minor causes have contributed to these results. There is more division than ever in the ranks of English Liberalism with respect to the Irish question. Mr. Gladstone's popularity during the past year has been steadily on the wane among his followers, who no longer present a united front. Mr. Chamberlain has come to be regarded very much in the light of an apostate. Mr. Bright is no longer a potent force in political life, but such influence as he has has for years been arrayed on the side of "authority, and against the advocates of the Irish cause. As for Mr. Parnell, the head and front of the Home Rule agitation, his health is such as to give rise to the gravest anxiety on the part of his adherents. His venal disease is said to have reached an advanced stage, and it is doubtful whether he will ever again be able to direct the policy of his party with the vigor and astuteness which have so conspicuously marked his action in the past.

HAWKING.

On Thursday night of last week at the Art Fair was danced for the first time in Toronto the old court minuet as taught by Prof. Thomas, one of the most artistic and picturesque figures imaginable. The graceful participants in it on this occasion were Mr. Cassimer Dickson and Miss Nellie Shanly, Mr. Benjamin Cronyn and Miss G. Hodgins, Mr. Powell Roberts with Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Mr. Hollyer with Miss Dawson, Mr. E. A. Andrews with Miss Bessie Jones, Mr. Reginald Thomas and Miss Kate Merritt, Mr. Harcourt Vernon with Miss Shanly, Mr. Shanly and Miss Maud Yarker.

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The costumes were all chosen and arranged with the greatest effect and to the best advantage for the wearer of each, and the management of the calcium light threw a halo around each form, individualizing it in its beauty.

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Miss Maud Yarker in a handsome pink and white brocade, with petticoat of pink satin draped with fine lace, powdered wig, exquisite little pink satin slippers studded with brilliants, and Mr. Shanly in deep green courtier dress, danced on the right hand corner of the stage, while Miss Dawson in gold brocade, made after the same style, a la Watteau, and yellow satin skirt draped with creamy lace, bronze slippers and white wig, danced to Mr. Hollyer in black velvet and white lace on the left hand corner. Between them were the Misses Shanly and Hodgins with their respective partners Messrs. Dickson and Cronyn. Miss Hodgins wore an artistic combination of apple green and shrimp pink, with pink roses forming the shape of a V in her corsage. Her partner was in black velvet coat edged with gold lace, a waistcoat of lace ruffles and knickerbockers of pale blue satin, also stockings of the same, and white wig. Mr. Cassimer Dickson had on a ruby satin suit lined with pink satin and pink satin knickerbockers and embroidered vest. These two gentlemen bore off the palm, and were universally admired, their graceful dancing calling forth the greatest enthusiasm, particularly among the ladies. Mr. Dickson's physique, refined abandon, and withal graceful dignity of movement, could not be duplicated. Mr. Cronyn was perhaps a little more lithe of limb, thus only making a difference. Of the ladies Miss Maud Yarker's movements were the most easy, graceful, and self-possessed, her curtsey and backward shift of the head being especially pleasing to the eye, her pliant little figure displaying delightfully fresh lines each time.

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The rest of the performers were not dwarfed in elegance of gesture and appearance by those mentioned. The efforts of all were commendable in the highest degree, and reflected the greatest credit on themselves and teacher. They made a pretty picture when the curtain rose in silence, standing in semi-darkness in frames to represent pictures at the back of the stage. And still more so when, at the first sound of the bell striking the midnight hour, they stepped down toward the front—the light was thrown full on them, the music started, their gentle swaying movements, and the bending and waving of forms commenced.

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On Friday evening the performance to which the admission ticket entitled the holder was A Midsummer Night's Dream, by the children of St. Luke's Children's League, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Plummer and Mrs. Morrison, and I think a more charming surprise could never before have been presented to a Toronto audience than the creditable efforts of these youthful aspirants to histrionic and vocal honors. Having had only a short four weeks' preparation, it was not to be expected but that the choruses would be imperfect and the performance lacking in completeness of detail. But such was not the case, for there was not a flaw, or a suggestion of one, in acting, singing, dancing or costuming. To say that the children did well is very insufficient—they did more, they showed the audience that it is not impossible for youth in its earliest stage to prepare a performance from which old and young can derive the keenest pleasure, and without being able to add any "outs" or make any critical suggestions. In truth their performance, acting, etc., put to shame some of the efforts of their amateur seniors and elders, who have had more time for rehearsal and much more teaching and experience. It was pleasant, too, to be able to hear every word in the choruses and solos.

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Miss Ella Patterson, as First Fairy, revealed, as I remarked last week, a promising soprano voice. It is exceedingly sweet, mellow and sympathetic, and, moreover, has much power and a wide range. Her voice filled the rink well and with apparently little effort from herself. Miss Connie Jarvis (the King), whose acting proved some native talent and grace lying hitherto dormant, has also a sweet mezzo voice, which gave Miss Patterson excellent support in the duet, "I Know a Bank Whereon the Wild Thyme Blows." This was encored at every performance, and created quite a stir in the audience. The Good Night chorus was very sweet, and the picture presented by the retiring fairies, and the sweet little fairy Queen (Miss Ed ith Jarvis) lying asleep among the roses, could not have been more charming. The "Queen" is a beautiful child, having most perfect features, and sweet innocent gestures which endeared her to the audience at once. Both she and the King were the recipients of flowers at each performance. We must not forget the Puck of Master Moss, which did credit especially to Mrs. Morrison. Mr. Vaux Chadwick as Bottom did not give anyone a chance to remember that he took the character at less than a week's notice.

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Of the booths one that was not mentioned last week because it was not open on the first day, attracted general admiration. This was the China and Pottery booth, presided over by Mrs. McMahon, who was assisted by Miss Birchall, Miss Howden, and Miss Bolster of Barrie. An exhibition room in connection with this contained some fine specimens of old china—Capo de Monte, Sevres, Dresden, Viennese—also a few valuable old paintings (lent for the occasion) by Murillo.

Mrs. McMahon was robed in a creamy brocade overdress, with long hanging sleeves of red, high corsage of pearl embroidery and ruffle, the underskirt was red satin, and headdress of red plush and pearls, ornamented with diamonds. Miss Birchall's gown was much admired and very becoming, being a combination of pale blue and yellow satin, the petticoat of the latter and overdress of the former, a Marie Stuart bonnet of pearls adorned the head. Miss Howden wore sapphire blue, with cream overdress after the same pattern, the skirt being quilted and studded with pearls, low cut corsage and high pearl-edged collar. Miss Bolster was in deep ruby satin with high-neck ruff.

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The girls of the cafe chantant were kept very busy all the week, and made any amount of money. In Mrs. Baines' absence, through illness, Mrs. Torrance superintended affairs. It was misstated in last week's number that Mrs. MacKelcan of Hamilton was ill and unable to attend the Fair and give Torontonians a chance to hear again her sweet contralto. Miss Hendrie, who also was to have come down to help, was the one that was indisposed. Mrs. MacKelcan appeared on Thursday night and was a regular attendant during every evening, looking after the interests of all, in a becoming (very) yellow crepe with broad sash and large yellow hat. She was occasionally seen wandering through the building, taking a rest, arm in arm with Miss Madeline Spratt, who wore pink with huge poke bonnet. Mrs. Douglas Armour was laid up with a severe cold, after the first night, and was unable to attend. Miss Morgan came on Thursday night in a dull terra cotta, with sash and mittens to match, and large puffed sleeves, and sang in the cafe several times very sweetly. Miss Bunting, in a brocade of that fashioning and style, also played often for those who congregated to smoke and drink coffee. On Saturday night Mrs. MacKelcan was in capital voice and sang several times, also Mrs. Torrance and Mr. Sims Richards. Mrs. Torrance looked very well in a gold and white brocaded delaine, long Suede gloves reaching to the puff on the shoulder, and a large hat. Miss Armour's dress was yellow, with a Gainsborough hat. The Misses Todd were especially characteristic and pleasing in flowered, coffee-colored muslins and large hats made of the same material. Perhaps it ought to be explained that this style of dress is gathered, leaving a small amount of the neck bare, very large puffs on the shoulders, and with the simple trimming of a frill at the edge of the skirt, which ought to reach to the ankles. Large hats of any and every shape and kind ought to be worn with them, also broad sashes which hide all traces of the waist, and worn considerably higher than where that ought to be.

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A rich gown which was not mentioned last week, and which was generally remarked on as being one of the handsomest, was that worn by Mrs. Cattanach. The overdress was ruby satin, also the pointed bodice, the latter having a honeycombed stomacher of pink, studded with pearls, high collar *a la* Vandyke, embroidered richly with pearls, and the headdress likewise. The petticoat was pink satin studded over with pearls, and festoons of the latter with a girdle of finely wrought gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds and other stones. Mrs. Cattanach's very handsome diamonds put a *coup de grace* to this regal robe, which was worn with such fitting dignity and grace.

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Those of the Candy Booth wore very pretty costumes, that of Miss Rutherford being remarked on. It was a combination of heliotrope and pink, the overdraperies and bodice being of a heliotrope brocade and having a high Vandyked collar lined with silver lace. A girdle caught up the skirt at the side to show a petticoat of pink satin. Mrs. Skae's was a brilliant and striking combination of colors, the principal part of the dress being of a deep sea green, while the puffs peeping out at the shoulders from the slashed tight-fitting sleeves were of a bright yellow, the collar and underskirt of the same. Miss Stevenson of Montreal had on white with buttercup yellow. White gave her rather the appearance of a pale lily. Her splendid blonde hair was coiled into a huge Grecian knot at her neck. Miss Amy Osler, also assisting in disposing of ye sweetmeats and bonbons, wore eau de Nile and cream.

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On Saturday evening and after Miss May Jones was noticed in a charming costume of pink and blue, and a jaunty headdress, helping Mrs. Nordheimer with the flowers, also Miss Edith Yarker.

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I have had the pleasure of seeing the minuet again at its performance on Monday night, and must record my impression that of the ladies Miss Hodgins and Miss Maud Yarker posed and stepped to perfection, while the beauty of their gowns was eclipsed by none. The effect of the scene when the curtain rose, and the ghostly ancestors of the Countess could be seen in their gilded frames, was rather marred by the behavior of two of these ancestors, who, in the moment's pause before the clock began to strike, could be distinctly seen to smile and to whisper to each other.

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The programme on Monday night was the same as on Thursday, with the addition of some optical illusions, which to the audience meant the same thing as tableaux. Of these a love scene between Silvius and Phebe from As You Like It, by Mr. Chadwick and Miss Gimson, and another between Romeo and Juliet, by Miss Birchall and Mr. Mackenzie, were the best, only that in the latter one Romeo wore a beard. What would have been an excellent tableau was that in which Miss Hodgins was Lady Teazle and Mr. Cronyn, Sir Peter, but it seemed a difficult matter for either to keep sufficiently steady either in countenance or body.

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Among those who came to town for the Art Fair were noticed Judge McMahon, Senator Alexander of Quebec, Miss Bertha Hague of Montreal, who will stay a short while with Mrs. Cochrane of John street before returning home. Lady Macdonald also paid the Fair a flying visit on Friday, with Miss Miall of Ottawa, who accompanied her ladyship in her private car. The car left for the Falls on Saturday morning, where Lady Macdonald is going to make a short visit. Mr. George Gates from Hamilton was also another visitor at the Fair on Saturday evening. A welcome face on Monday night was that of Miss Minnie Parsons, who only returned last week from a long visit to her cousin, Miss Morris, in Guelph. Fair-goers and booth-keepers were also delighted to see back Mr. and Mrs. Raynold Gamble, who have been so long abroad, and more especially so to see them both looking so very well. Mr. Gamble appears to have recovered his health completely, and I only hope it is so. Still another face was recognized at the Fair which Toronto cannot call for its own. Miss Plumb of Niagara came over to bid her sister, Mrs. Christopher Robinson, good-bye on her departure for England, and attended the Fair with Mrs. John Boulton's party on Monday night. With her was Miss Laura Boulton, who left on Tuesday with Mrs. Robinson for England, to be absent some months.

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Among the familiar faces missed during the latter part of the fair was that of Mr. Percy Hodgins, who left last week for England, sailing from New York on the Arabic on Saturday with his elder sister. Miss Ethel Benson of Port Hope was quite a regular attendant at the fair. She is staying with Mrs. McCaul of Carlton street. Mrs. Sutherland Taylor of Montreal was seen there on Monday night with her sister, Miss Cosens. Also Mr. G. A. Kohl of the commercial capital.

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The Hon. Mrs. C. I. Douglas, a late resident of Toronto, has returned from England on a short visit to her mother, Mrs. Holmested of 432 Church street.

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On Tuesday night Mr. MacKelcan, from Hamilton, was seen escorting his wife round the building. Also among other strangers were noticed Mr. McQueen of Woodstock and Mr. and Mrs. Valancey E. Fuller of Hamilton. Mr. and Mrs. J. Beverley Robinson arrived at Sleepy Hollow from England *via* New York in the early part of the week.

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The marriage of Mr. Herrick Duggan only son of Mr. John Duggan, to Miss Stevenson of Montreal, will take place at Montreal in the early autumn.

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It was small wonder that on Saturday night, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, looking somewhat weary, seemed to prefer an easy chair in the pretty retreat of her miniature house, even to the attraction of the Maypole dance. This lady was worked very hard for the Fair, and had on her shoulders the weight of a very considerable responsibility. At one time it seemed as if the minuet would fall through, and the Fair be robbed of a great attraction. When three or four practices had been held things had seemed to get "no forwarder," and the performers began to despair. Not so Mrs. Vernon, she appointed a practice on almost every night, and encouraged the troupe not to stay away, by always being present herself. Finally she saw that the eight gentlemen were provided with proper dresses, and when the nights of performance came "made them up," and deftly gave those finishing touches to wigs or lace which made the effect of the whole so good.

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The unanimous praise of the public and of the press must have been gratifying both to Mrs. Vernon and to her little company, for it proved to them that their labors to secure success, had not been in vain. The judgment of a daily contemporary that a more finished amateur performance had never been seen in Toronto, was not too high praise. Like a lady who was sitting near me and whose remark I overheard, I wished that the minuet had been danced four times in the evening instead of twice.

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A dance of a character widely different to that of the minuet, was the old-fashioned country measure in the first part of the May masque. A country dance it was, and should rightly have been performed by some of the rustics or lower orders on the stage. It was better suited to such characters as Maid Marian and Littlejohn than to the courtiers in their gorgeous cloaks, and the ladies of high degree in their crinolines and furbelows, who danced it. The steps were intricate and difficult, and showed infinite care and pains on the part of the performers, for they were done without hitch or mistake. Where four ladies looked so well and did so well, it is, perhaps, invidious to choose one for special mention; but Miss Connie Cumberland's grace and beauty were undoubtedly without superior, if, indeed, they were equalled. Of the four gentlemen, Miss Cumberland's partner, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, and Mr. Henry Duggan, left little to choose between them, either in the grace of movement or beauty of dress.

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The May masque from beginning to end went well, and has delighted each audience that witnessed it. Even the snowy Alps of Switzerland or the Rocky Mountains at the background could not prevent the spectators from feeling that this was a real glimpse of old England in "the days when heart ruled and not head." Dr. Dunstan, the jolly friar; Miss Weatherstone, the village beauty, jealous, fascinating, sprightly; Mr. Edward Rutherford, the clown or jester, inimitable; Mr.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

Washing the hair carefully at home is a great deal more satisfactory in the end than shampooing. Wash with the yolks of two eggs and an ounce of rosemary added to a quart of hot water. Beat the mixture thoroughly and use while warm, drying with diaper or huckaback towels, or any material which will not leave a destructive lint or fluff to entangle the hair.

The best stain for very dark brown hair is a mixture of one drachm sulphate of iron (crushed) and one drachm sulphate of quinine in one pint of claret. The iron, of course, stains the hair, but it sometimes tends to strengthen.

Those who desire to grow fat should not indulge in acids in any form. Eat frequently, and in small quantities, all kinds of starchy foods, such as potatoes, sago, macaroni, tapioca, and vermecelli; also butter, cheese and oil. Drink milk in preference to tea, especially if you have been in the habit of drinking green tea. Vegetable soups with peas, lentils, vermecelli and beans are good, as are also pastry and sweets.

A lady who possesses the rare and distinguishing characteristic of graceful carriage assures me that she never would urge upon any girl the necessity of observing half a dozen rules in order to acquire the habit of walking well. She tells me that all the instruction she gave her daughters in this respect was that they should hold their heads well up, that they might always look squarely at any object of a corresponding height with their eyes without requiring to raise their heads for this purpose. And if they found accuracy in this respect impossible, that they should rather err in looking above an object than below it. "Carry your head well," said she, "and all the muscles of the body below the neck fall into their proper positions, as if subordinate to this action."

I might add to this, however, that I think girls should be trained to carry their arms well. The general impression is that it is unladylike for a woman to swing her arms. This is the case when, instead of letting them hang quietly at her sides, she moves them so violently back and forth as to resemble a windmill. But I know more than one girl, who, if you robbed her of her muff, satchel or parasol, would find it an utter impossibility to keep her wits about her and walk composedly down King street. I should feel inclined to describe this as a disgraceful subordination of mind to matter or to question whether this is not a case of the tail wagging the dog. I so often hear girls say, "Give me something to carry, or I shall not know what to do with my hands." If parasols and satchels are indispensable as a finish to the female arm, or if by cumbering oneself with these articles a superfluous member is disguised or hidden which would otherwise be entirely obnoxious, why is it that artists and sculptors have not yet discovered the fact? When one remembers that parasols and satchels were unknown in the time of the gods—at least we have nothing legendary or artistic to lead us to believe that these articles formed a part of the otherwise scanty wardrobe of the female portion—we can realize how terribly worried Juno and Venus and all the other professional beauties must have been to dispose of their hands. And anxiously as I have conned the pages of mythology to discover the manner in which the difficulty was overcome in their day, as no allusion whatever is made to the matter I am forced to conclude that the Venus (Milo) took the only possible way out of the difficulty and had her arms lopped off.

Joking apart, the arm when not in use should hang loosely and naturally from the shoulder, moving only with the slight undulating motion of the body. Do not, on any account, square your elbows, and when you have got them in that position wag or wobble them with every step. Point your toes down and out, taking a moderately long stride from the hip. Take the swan in water for your model, and while permitting perfect flexibility from the waist upward, move as easily and with as little commotion as does this graceful bird, causing little or no disturbance to your skirts and draperies.

A shade of rosy lavender called wisteria takes the place of heliotrope, which has dropped into disfavor. Pink and silver is a favorite combination; indeed all the newest fabrics for evening wear have a glistening or sparkling effect. Yellow damask interwoven with threads of gold has quite the appearance of cloth of gold.

An advantage possessed by English amateur milliners is that they can go to any milliinery establishment and purchase ready-made trimmings. This is a great point gained for those who are under the necessity of doing their own millinery, as those bows possess all the accuracy and finish of professional millinery with the latest ideas in knots and ties.

A very good imitation of steel passementerie is effected by stringing crystal beads on black thread, as the crystal catches the light and the thread gives an appearance of shadow. When strung in loops it is difficult to tell the imitation from the genuine article.

NUOVA AULA.

Tramp—Give a poor fellow something ter eat who carries three bullets of the late war around with him.

Farmer—Ah, indeed, poor man. (After feeding him.) Where do you carry them?

Tramp—In my pocket.

Our Sporting Column.

The International Association baseball war continues. On Monday Toronto defeated Syracuse by timely hitting in the ninth inning, and the baseball cranks went crazy. The daily papers have told all about the game, but I would like to express my most majestic disapprobation of the work done by Greer of the Torontos. The gentleman struck out with remarkable neatness and despatch, and in the field he misjudged everything that came in his way. Perhaps Manager Cushman is right in keeping Greer, but surely another fielder who can hit the ball sometimes could be secured. The greatest find the Torontos ever made was during last July when the old story of all the good men being engaged was flying. Mr. Cushman went over to Pennsylvania and picked up Rickley, who is easily the best all round man Toronto has. Of course great risks were taken, and not once in ten times would such a venture pan out favorably. It is a pleasure to see Rickley throw across the diamond. There is no useless throwing around of his arm before the ball is let go, and when it does go it is in Hartnett's keeping in a remarkably short time.

Another good man is Decker, who shines to equal advantage behind the bat or in right field. They say Atkisson is the hardest man to catch in the International Association with only one exception — Fanning! of Buffalo. Decker seems to gather in the balls very easily. At the bat he is also good. McLaughlin is playing very poorly. In every game he has at least a brace of errors, and he chooses the most inopportune moments for erring. The fact that he is one of the best second basemen in the league should be no reason for keeping him if he cannot be played elsewhere than short stop.

A Kingston friend tells me that there is to be a great ball boom down east this summer. An International League has been formed and a salary limit adopted. If the limit is adhered to there should be money waiting for the backers of the enterprise, but as soon as any club, as a result of a desire to get a winning team, begins hiring men at salaries which the receipts will not warrant, just so soon will the stockholders become weary. Last year there were some good games of ball in Kingston and Belleville and there is no reason why there should not be equally good games this season.

Where is the Toronto University ball nine? It was announced that the team would resume practice after the examinations closed, but so far I have seen no signs of them.

Bicycling is going to boom in Toronto this summer. I think the Wanderers have struck a good idea in starting a safety division. There are many unattached safety riders in the city and many of them would no doubt be glad to take part in organized excursions. The safety bicycle is becoming more popular every day. Already I know of three city clergymen who use the silent steed, and the other night I saw Dr. Macdonald pedalling vigorously to the aid of the two policemen who were cut by St. John's ward roughs. For physicians' use I should think the safety would be peculiarly well adapted. It is always ready, and the weary Æsculapian has not to harness up his rubber-shod steed. I see that the French military authorities are giving the bicycle a trial as a method of carrying war despatches. In the English volunteer service a Col. Street organized a bicycle corps a few months since, but a. the Easter review the bicycle men did not score a remarkable success.

I am told that two prominent divinity students of Knox College have decided to do evangelistic work during a Muskoka canoe trip this summer. Recognizing the fact that many of the settlers never have an opportunity of getting near a church these gentlemen put their heads together and decided to try a canoe voyage. It is a commendable scheme.

Canoeing has started in earnest. Last Sunday saw many of the T. C. C. men on the water, and many were the burned cheeks and peeled noses in consequence. I see by one of the morning papers that a scheme is on foot to go over to Niagara some Saturday by the Chicora, taking the canoes along, and paddle or sail back around the coast. Rather a large order for one day, isn't it?

The Toronto Rowing Club will have nine four-oared crews in the races to be held June 2nd. There is much mystery hovering around the club-house as a result of the rowing committee's selection, and many are the hints of early morning pulls and wonderful spurts made. I saw Thompson's crew out the other day. If the other crews are like this there should be some good races next Saturday.

The Toronto Yacht Club has published a very complete schedule of races for the season. No less than $625 is to be offered in prizes, the largest sum I think ever given in one season, by an amateur club. The Verve was taken to Port Dalhousie yesterday and dry-docked. Her copper bottom, put on by Watson when she was built on the Clyde ten years ago, will be removed. Captain Norman Dick thinks this will greatly increase the speed of the boat. Other yachtsmen disagree with him. Time will tell.

In cricket circles there is very little doing. The autocrat of the office informed me that I must have my copy in before Thursday, and consequently I am unable to deal with the Queen's Birthday matches. I might take a shy at prophecy, but it mightn't pay. The Trinity College men had an easy time of it with East Toronto, last Saturday, thanks mainly to Kenneth Cameron's sixty. The Toronto Colts had little difficulty in defeating "C" Company, and the Toronto Club was altogether too much for Bracondale.

There is a probability that the Toronto Club will send a team to tour in the Maritime Provinces during the latter part of the summer. The St. John (N. B.) Club, the Halifax Wanderers and the Garrison should give three good matches. W. A. Henry of Halifax, the hard hitter who did such good work for the Canadian gentlemen during their English tour, will be available for the International match which will be played in this city during July. George W. Jones of St. John, N. B., will not be able to play. He would have been a good man for the eleven, but the distance is, he says, too much for him. Canada should place a very strong eleven in the field this year, and will no doubt do so.

The Irish gentlemen who are to tour in Canada, or in Ontario rather, during August and September, have had a very complete match list arranged for them by Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey. Looking over the list I see they are down to play the Toronto Club. The T. C. C. men are flying pretty high. Still they should give the Hibernians a good game. Hamilton and district should also put a strong eleven into the field. I suppose Guelph is included. If so the team will be a very strong one indeed.

At Ottawa the members of Parliament were disporting themselves, ere the close of the session, with bat and ball on the beautiful green before the buildings. Two years ago there was plenty of cricket at Ottawa, and even his Excellency the Governor-General was among the flannel clothed warriors.

By this time the members of the Toronto Lacrosse Club's English twelve are quietly at work in the same old hum-drum style. And there is excitement in the ranks of the Toronto Club. Jim Garvin and Ross Eckhart have resigned, and it is said that other resignations are being thought of. The reason is that the English team considered that they were entitled to a benefit after their tour, and they asked the committee to make the Shamrock match on the Queen's Birthday a benefit for them. The committee declined, and there was wrath in divers quantities seething in the hearts of the tourists. Dixon said he wouldn't play, and Eckhart and Garvin likewise. This put the committee in a remarkably unpleasant position. A deputation from that august body interviewed the three young men and implored them to play. Eckhart and Jimmy Garvin said "No" in such a decisive tone that the delegation gave them up as unworkable, but Fred Dixon was found more easy to work and he agreed to play against the Montreal men. Perhaps the other deserters will be brought back to the fold, but it is very doubtful. Eckhart's people are against his playing any more, as they say lacrosse and business can't be indulged in together. I know that Ross was allowed to go only upon condition that he hangs up his stick when the tour was over.

I have often marvelled at the way Eckhart played. When it is remembered that he has no practice from one match to another one is surprised. Last year he played some of his grandest games after traveling all night and looking thoroughly fagged out. The game he played was good as ever, but he could not be expected to keep it up. Some of the matches he played last season would have killed anybody but one with an iron physique.

Ed. Gordon will have an enjoyable summer in England, where he will remain to make arrangements for the visit of the Canadian Association football team in the autumn. Mr. Forsyth tells me that he will be able to definitely announce the names of the team in a week or so. So far no difficulty has been experienced in getting a really representative lot of players to consent to go. The back division is, with one exception, complete, and two more forwards are to be selected.

The committee of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen entrusted with the making of the arrangements for the annual regatta, to be held here on August 1, has already settled down to work. The Americans have promised to send over a good representation, and the regatta should be an exceptionally successful one. The senior four-oared race should be a good one.

The T. R. C.'s big four, Wright, Thompson brothers, and Knox are taking lots of practice these days. The Argonauts have not yet thought about selecting a quartette, but it is safe to say that it will be a good one. The Hamilton Nautilus Club will, I hear, have a very strong crew.

The Toronto Hunt Club has just about closed up operations after a month's good sport. The members have been wonderfully lucky in regard to injuries from falls, but Tim the huntsman is respectfully judicious in the course which he selects for the dragging herring.

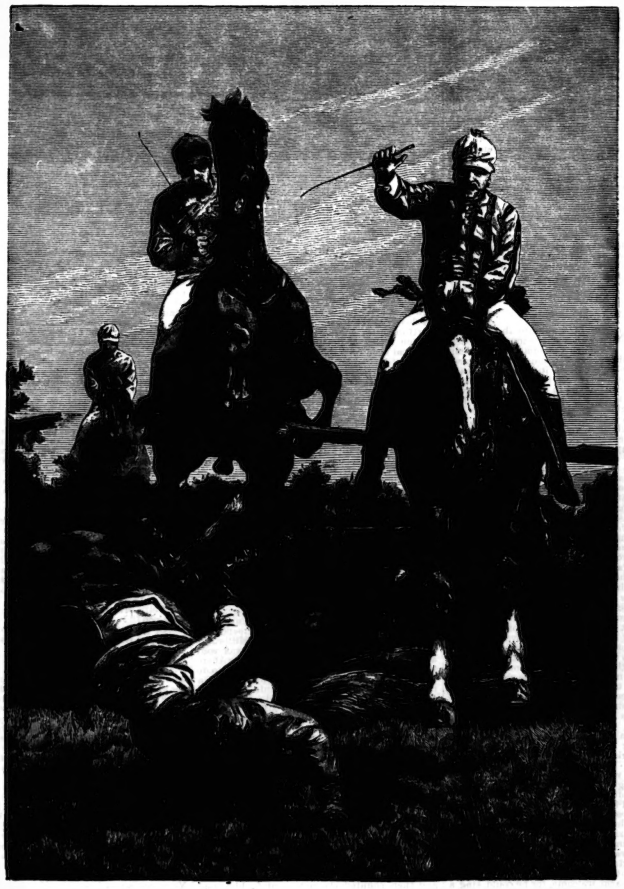
We stop the press to remark that London is talking ferociously regarding Manager Powers and his Forest City baseball nine. Two weeks ago nothing was too good for the Tecumsehs and the members of the team could take tea almost anywhere. Now they are defeated by Troy and the Associated Press despatches announce that the citizens are appealing to the directors to secure a team which can play ball better than amateurs. Toronto has got past that sort of thing. Her citizens regard defeat or victory with equal equanimity. But of course there is a difference between being top dog and under dog.

The bicycle tour does not seem to be a favorite mode of amusement among Canada's young men. When the bicycle came out first many touring parties were organized, but now one seldom hears of them. I suppose young men have better ways of spending their fortnight's holiday than riding the wheel which is their daily companion in working days. By the way, it seems to be quite the fashion to bicycle round the globe nowadays. I see by London *Sport* that no less than three parties have started on a circumpedalatory—good word—tour.

The West Indian cricketers who toured in Canada and the States in 1886 have written to several Canadian gentlemen asking them to organize an eleven to tour through the Indies next winter. Such an excursion would be a delightful break in the monotony of a Canadian winter. The Philadelphians who went down last winter enjoyed themselves very much, although they made the mistake of taking a comparatively weak eleven with them. Any Ontarioan eleven which may go down should be fairly strong. Some of the West Indians played rattling good cricket, notably Burke, Farquharson and Lees.

The International Association football match at Aylmer on Tuesday last did not evoke an immense amount of enthusiasm. The newspapers say 2,000 persons witnessed the game but I fancy they must have drawn the long bow just a little. The game resulted in a draw. The Association game seems to be on its last legs in Toronto. At the 'Varsity the Rugby Club attracts almost all of the attention of the undergrads, and the Toronto Club is said to be in a state of disintegration. The Toronto Association Club deserves credit for the way in which it has struggled through years of what can hardly be termed a successful existence but the impossibility of securing grounds will probably cause its early death.

YAKATERAG.



A CRITICAL MOMENT.

A Critical Moment.

This is indeed a critical moment for him who up to this has been cutting out the pace in the county steeplechase. The pace has evidently, however, been too hot for his mount, and the broken rail-fence, and the splashing of the invaded water jump beyond, tell only too plainly that he has shot his bolt and is nowhere in the race. He is nowhere as far as the winning post is concerned, and doubtless, at the present moment, wishes he were anywhere but in, the race. Fortunately, however, Crimson-Sleeves, who is about to make his jump, perceives his perilous position before his horse's hind feet have left mother earth, and doubtless an extra sharp cut across his quarters, and a touch of the cold steel in his flanks, will land the black fellow clear of the fallen man, and in time let us hope to make it hot for White-Stockings, whose rider evidently intends to make strong running.

It Was a Go.

Sister No. 1—Max proposed to me last evening.

Sister No. 2—Yes, I know; you rejected him.

Sister No. 1—How do you know?

Sister No. 2—Well, I met him to-day, and he told me you said you could only be a sister to him, whereupon I remarked that you might be a sister-in-law.

Sister No. 1—What did he say?

Sister No. 2—He said, "It's a go."

Savareen's Disappearance:

A Half-Forgotten Chapter in the History of an Upper Canadian Township.

BY JOHN CHARLES DENT.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLACE AND THE MAN.

Near the centre of one of the most flourishing of the western counties of Ontario, and on the line of the Great Western branch of the Grand Trunk Railway, stands a pleasant little town which, for the purposes of this narrative, may be called Millbrook. Not that its real name is Millbrook, or anything in the least similar thereto; but as this story, so far as its main events are concerned, is strictly true, and some of the actors in it are still living, it is perhaps desirable not to be too precise in the matter of locality. The strange disappearance of Mr. Savareen made a good deal of noise at the time, not only in the neighborhood, but throughout Upper Canada. It was a nine days' wonder, and was duly chronicled and commented upon by the leading provincial newspapers of the period; but it has long since passed out of general remembrance, and the chain of circumstances subsequently arising out of the event have never been made known beyond the limited circle immediately interested. The surviving members of that circle would probably not thank me for once more dragging their names conspicuously before the public gaze. I might certainly veil their personalities under thin disguise of initial letters, but to the mole of relating a story I have always entertained a decided objection. The chief object in the world in story-telling is to hold the attention of the reader, and, speaking for myself, I am free to confess that I have seldom been able to feel any absorbing interest in characters who figure merely as the M. or N. of the baptismal service.

I shall therefore assign fictitious names to persons and places, and I cannot even pretend to mathematical exactness as to one or two minor details. In reporting conversations, for instance, I do not profess to reproduce the *ipsissima verba* of the speakers, but merely to give the effect and purport of their discourse. I have, however, been at some pains to be accurate, and I think I may justly claim that in all essential particulars this story of Savareen's disappearance is as true as any report of a event which took place a good many years ago can reasonably be expected to be.

First: As to the man. Who was he?

Well, that is easily told. He was the second son of a fairly well-to-do English yeoman, and had been brought up to farming pursuits on the paternal acres in Hertfordshire. He came to Canada in or about the year 1851, and had not been many weeks in the colony before he became the tenant of a small farm situated in the township of Westsheter, three miles to the north of Millbrook. At that time he must have been about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. So far as could be judged by those who came most frequently into personal relations with him, he had no very marked individuality to distinguish him from others of his class and station in life. He was simply a young English farmer who had migrated to Canada with a view to improving his conditions and prospects.

In appearance he was decidedly prepossessing. He stood five feet eleven inches in his stockings; was broad of shoulder, erect of arm, and well set up about the limbs. His complexion was fair, and his hair had a decided inclination to curl. He was probably in most athletics; could box and wrestle, and if put upon his mettle, could leap bodily over a five-barred gate. He was fond of good living, and could always be depended upon to do full justice to a well-provided dinner. It cannot be denied that he occasionally drank more than was absolutely necessary to quench a mortal thirst, but he was as steady as could be expected of any man who has from his earliest boyhood been accustomed to drink beer as an ordinary beverage, and who has had the run of the buttery-hatch. He liked a good horse, and could ride anything that went on four legs. He also had a white terrier dog, that usually had one or two of those animals dangling near his heels whenever he stirred out of doors. Men and things in this country were regarded by him from a strictly trans-Atlantic point of view, and he was frequently heard to remark that this, that and the other thing were "not half to what we have at home."

He was more or less learned in matters pertaining to agriculture, and knew something about the current chemical theories of the rotation of crops. His literary education, moreover, had not been wholly neglected. He could read and write, and could cast up accounts which were not of too involved and complicated a character. It cannot truly be said that he cared much for books, but he had read Tom Jones, Roderick Random, and Pierce Egan's Life in London. He regarded Cruikshank's illustrations to the last named work—more particularly that one depicting Corinthian Tom "getting the best of a Charley,"—as far better worth looking at than the whole collection in the National Gallery, a place where he had once whiled away a tedious hour or two during a visit to town.

Then, he was not altogether ignorant concerning several notable events in the history of his native land. That is to say, he knew that a certain king named Charles the First had been beheaded a good many years ago, and that a disreputable personage named Oliver Cromwell had somehow been mixed up in the transaction. He understood that the destinies of Great Britain were now presided over by Queen Victoria and two Houses of Parliament, called respectively the House of Lords and the House of Commons; and he had a sort of recollection of having heard that those august bodies were called Estates of the Realm. In his eyes, everything British was *ipso facto* to be commended and admired, whereas everything un-English was *ipso facto* to be proportionately condemned and despised. Any misguided person who took a different view of the matter had to be treated as one who had denied the faith, and was worse than an infidel.

I have said that his appearance was prepossessing, and so it was in the ordinary course of things, though he had a broad scar on his left cheek which, on the rare occasions when he was angry, asserted itself somewhat conspicuously, and imparted, for the nonce, a sinister expression to his countenance. This disfigurement, as I have already hinted, was received by him some years before his arrival in Canada. During a visit to one of the market towns in the neighborhood of his home, he had casually dropped into a gymnasium, and engaged in a fencing bout with a friend who accompanied him. Neither of the contestants had ever handled a foil before, and they were of course unskilled in the use of such dangerous playthings. During the contest the button had slipped from his opponent's weapon, and the latter was making a vigorous lunge. As a consequence Savareen's cheek had been laid open by a wound which left its permanent impress upon him. He himself was in the habit of jocularly alluding to this disfigurement as his "bar sinister."

For the rest, he was stubborn as a mule about trifles which did not in the least concern him, but as regarded the affairs of every-day life he was on the whole pleasant to deal with, more especially when nothing occurred to put him out. When anything of the kind *did* occur, he could certainly assume the attitude of an ugly customer, and on such occasions the wound on his cheek put on a lurid hue which was not pleasant to contemplate. His ordinary discourse mainly dealt with the events of his every-day life. It was not intellectually stimulating, and for the most part related to horses, dogs, and the crop prospects of the season. In short, if you have ever lived in rural England, or if you have been in the habit of frequenting English country towns on market-days, you must have encountered scores of jolly young farmers who, to all outward seeming, with the solitary exception of the sinister scar, might pretty nearly have stood for his portrait.

Such was Reginald Bourchier Savareen, and if you have met people across anybody possessing similar characteristics—always excepting the scar—your experience of your fellow-creatures has been more limited than might be expected from a reader of your age and manifest intelligence.

His farm—*i. e.*, the farm rented by him—belonged to old Squire Harrington, and lay in a pleasant valley on the western side of the gravel road leading northward from Millbrook to Spotswood. The Squire himself lived in the red brick mansion which peeped out from the clump of maples a little further down on the opposite side of the road. The country thereabouts was settled by a thrifty and enterprising race of pioneers, and presented a most attractive appearance. Alternate successions of hill and dale greeted the eye of the traveller who drove along the hard-packed highway, fifteen miles in length, which formed the connecting link between the two towns above mentioned. The land was generally tilled to the houses, generally speaking, were of a better class than were to be found in most rural communities in Upper Canada at that period. Savareen's own dwelling was unpretentious enough, having been originally erected for one of the squire's "hired men," but it was sufficient for his needs, as he had not married until a little more than a year before the happening of the events to be presently related, and his domestic establishment was small. His entire household consisted of himself, his young wife, an infant in arms, a man servant and a maid-of-all-work. In busy seed-time he, of course, employed additional help, but the harvesters were for the most part residents of the neighborhood, who found accommodation in their own homes. The farm-house, a small frame, oblong building, of the conventional Canadian farm-house order of architecture, painted of a drab color and standing a hundred yards or so from the main road. The barn and stable stood a convenient distance to the rear. Above mid-way between house and barn was a deep well, worked with a windlass and chain. During the preceding season a young orchard had been planted out in the space intervening between the house and the road. Everything about the place was kept in spick and span order. The tenant was fairly successful in his farming operations, and appeared to be holding his own with the world around him. He paid his rent promptly, and was on excellent terms with his landlord. He was, in fact, a rather popular little neighbor generally, and was regarded as a man with a fair future before him.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

About a quarter of a mile to the north of Savareen's abode was a charming little hostelry, kept by a French Canadian named Jean Baptiste Lapierre. It was one of the snuggest and coziest of imaginable inns; by no means the sort of wayside tavern commonly to be met with in Western Canada in those times, or even it time much modern, but it had been handled and kept a high-class restaurant in Quebec in the old days before the union of the Provinces, and retained traditions of serving men who had. He was an excellent cook, and knew how to cater to the appetites of more exacting epicures than he was likely to number among his ordinary patrons in a neighborhood in which he had pitched his quarters. When occasion required, he could serve up a dinner or supper at which a British Grenadier Guards would have had no excuse for turning up his nose. It was seldom that any such exigent demand was made upon him, however, but even his ordinary fare was good enough for any city sir or madam whom chance might send beneath his roof, and such persons never failed to carry away with them pleasant remembrances of the place.

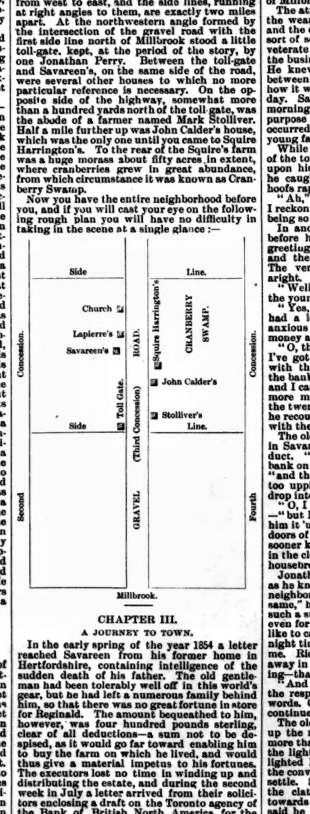
The creaking sign which swayed in the breeze before the hospitable door of this sanctuary proclaimed it to be The Royal Oak, but it was commonly known throughout the whole of that country-side as Lapierre's. The excellence of its cuisine was proverbial, insomuch that professional men and others used frequently to drive out from town expressly to dine or sup there. Once a week or so—usually on Saturday nights—a few of the choice spirits thereabouts used to meet in the cosy parlor and hold a convivial session, terminating in supping up with supper at eleven o'clock. On these occasions, as a matter of course, the liquor flowed with considerable freedom, and the guests had a convivial time of it; but there was nothing in the shape of wild revelry—nothing to bring reproach upon the good name of the house. Lapierre was too much regard for his well-earned reputation to permit these meetings to degenerate into mere orgies. He insisted on his house being closed on the Sabbath, and took care to make the house clear of company before the stroke of midnight. By strictly adhering to these rules he kept his guests from indulging in riotous excesses, but secured their respect for himself and his establishment.

Savareen was a pretty regular attendant at these convivial gatherings, and was hardly a not infrequent visitor at other times. He always met with a warm welcome, for he could sing a good song, and paid his score with commendable regularity. His Saturday nights' potations did not interfere with his regular appearance on Sunday morning in his pew in the little church which stood on the hill a short distance above Lapierre's. His wife usually sat by his side, and accompanied him to and fro. Everything seemed to indicate that the couple lived happily together, and that they were mutually blessed in their domestic relations. With regard to Mrs. Savareen, there is one circumstance to be mentioned about her at present is that she was the daughter of a carpenter and builder resident in Millbrook.

There was a good deal of travel on the Millbrook and Spotswood road, more especially in the autumn, when the Dutch farmers from the settlements away north used to come down in formidable array, for the purpose of supplying themselves with fruit to make cider and "apples sass" for the winter. The great apple-producing district of the Province begins in the townships lying a few miles to the south of Westchester, and the road between Millbrook and Spotswood is, and has been, the direct route thither from the Dutch settlements. The garb and other appointments of the stalwart Canadian Teuton of those days were such as to make him easily distinguishable from his Celtic or Saxon neighbor. He usually wore a long, heavy coat of coarse cloth, reaching down to his heels. His head was surmounted by a felt hat with a brim wide enough to have served, at a pinch, for the tent of a shepherd. He was given to the luminous jest, and, withal, a shrewd bargain. On the return journey the wagons were full to overflowing. Not so the drivers, who were an exceedingly temperate and abstemious people, too parsimonious to leave much of their specie at the Royal Oak. It was doubtless for this reason that mine host Lapierre regarded, and was accustomed to speak of them with a good deal of easy contempt, not to say aversion. They brought little or no grist to his mill, and he was fond of proclaiming that he did not keep a hotel for the accommodation of such *canaille*. The emphasis placed by him on this last word was something quite refreshing to hear.

The road all the way from Millbrook to Spotswood for the most part runs in the mathematical definition of a straight line. It forms the third concession of the township, and there is not a house or shanty for a considerable distance from west to east, and the side lines, running at right angles to them, are exactly two miles apart. At the northwestern angle formed by the intersection of the gravel road with the first side line north of Millbrook stood a little toll-gate, kept, at the period of the story, by one Jonathan Perry. Between the toll-gate and Savareen's, on the same side of the road, were several other houses to which no more particular reference is necessary. On the opposite side of the highway, somewhat more than a hundred yards north of the toll-gate, was the abode of a farmer named Mark Stolliver, with a little further up was John Calder's house, which was the only one until you came to Squire Harrington's. To the rear of the Squire's farm ran a large morass about fifty acres in extent, where cranberries grew in great abundance, from which circumstance it was known as Cranberry Swamp.

Now you have the entire neighborhood before you, and if you will cast your eye on the following rough plan you will have no difficulty in taking in the scene at a single glance:—



CHAPTER III.

A JOURNEY TO TOWN.

In the early spring of the year 1854 a letter reached Savareen from his former home in Hertfordshire, containing intelligence of the sudden death of his father. The old gentleman had been tolerably well off in this world's gear, but he had left a numerous family behind him, so that there was no great fortune in store for Reginald. The amount bequeathed to him, however, was four hundred pounds sterling, clear of all deductions—a sum not to be despised, as it would go far toward enabling him to buy the farm on which he lived, and would thus give a material impetus to his fortunes. The executors lost no time in winding up and distributing the estate, and during the second week in July a letter arrived from their solicitors enclosing a draft on the Toronto agency of the Bank of British North America for the specified sum. Savareen made arrangements with the local bank at Millbrook to collect the proceeds, and thus save him the expense of a journey to Toronto. Meanwhile he concluded a bargain with Squire Harrington for the purchase of the farm. The price agreed upon was $3,500, half of which sum was to be paid down upon the delivery of the deed, the balance being secured by mortgage. The deed would be forthcoming at the bank not later than the 15th of the month, and accordingly that was the date fixed upon for the completion of the transaction. Lawyer Miller was instructed to have the documents ready for execution at noon, when the parties and their respective wives were to attend at his office in Millbrook.

The morning of Monday, the 17th, was wet, and gave promise of a rainy day. As there seemed to be no prospect of his being able to do any outside work on the farm, Savareen thought he might as well ride into town and ascertain if the money had come. He saddled his black mare, and started for Millbrook about ten in the forenoon. His two dogs showed a manifest desire to accompany him, but he did not think fit to gratify their desires, and ordered them back. Before he had ridden far the rain ceased, and the sun came out warm and bright, but he was in an idle mood, and didn't think it worth while to turn back. It seems probable, indeed, that he had merely waited an excuse for an idle day in town, as there was no real necessity for such a journey. Upon reaching the front street he stabled his mare at the Peacock Inn, which was his usual house of call when in Millbrook. He next presented himself at the bank, where he made inquiry about his draft. Yes, the money was there all right. The clerk, supposing that he wished to draw the amount there and then, counted the notes out to him, and requested him to sign the receipt in the book kept for such purposes. Savareen then intimated that he had merely called to inquire about the matter, and that he wished to leave the money at bank next day. The clerk, who was out of humor about some trifle or other, and who was, moreover, very busy that morning, spoke up sharply, remarking that he had more bother about that draft than the transaction was worth. His irritable turn and language nettled Savareen, who accordingly took the notes, signed the receipt and left the bank, declaring that "that shop" should be troubled by no further business of his. The clerk, as soon as he had time to reflect over the matter, perceived that he had been rude, and would have tendered an apology, but his customer had already shaken the dust off the soles of his feet and taken his departure, so that there was no present opportunity of accommodating the petty quarrel. As events subsequently turned out, it was destined never to be accommodated in this world, for the two never met again on this side the grave.

Instead of returning home immediately, as he ought to have done, Savareen hung about the tavern all day, drinking more than was good for his constitution, and regaling every boon companion he met with an account of the incivility to which he had been subjected at the hands of the bank clerk. Those to whom he told the story thought he attached more importance to the affair than it deserved, and they noticed that the scar on his cheek came out in its most lurid aspect. He dined at the Peacock, and afterwards indulged in sundry games of bagatelle and ten-pins; but the stakes constituted merely of beer and cigars, and he did not get rid of more than a few shillings in the course of the afternoon. Between six and seven in the evening his landlady regaled him with a cup of strong tea, after which he seemed none the worse for his afternoon's relaxations. A few minutes before dusk he mounted his mare and started on his way homeward.

The ominous clouds of the early morning had long since passed over. The sun had shone brightly throughout the afternoon, and had gone down amid a gorgeous blaze of splendor. The moon would not rise till nearly nine, but the evening was delightfully calm and cloudless, and the horseman's way home was straight as an arrow, over one of the best roads in the country.

CHAPTER IV.

GONE.

At precisely eight o'clock in the evening of this identical Monday, July 17th, 1854, old Jonathan Perry sat tranquilly smoking his pipe at the door of the toll-gate two miles north of Millbrook.

The atmosphere was too warm to admit of the wearing of any great display of apparel, and the old man sat hatless and coatless on a sort of settle at the threshold. He was an inveterate old gossip, and was acquainted with the business of everybody in the neighborhood. He knew all about the bargain entered into between Savareen and Squire Harrington, and how it was to be consummated on the following day. Savareen, when riding townwards that morning, had informed him of the ostensible purpose of his journey, and it now suddenly occurred to the old man to wonder why the young farmer had not returned home.

While he sat there pondering, the first stroke of the nine o'clock from the church hour was borne upon his ear. Before the ringing had ceased, he caught the additional sound of a horse's hoofs rapidly advancing up the road.

"Ah," said he to himself, "here he comes. I reckon his wife'll be apt to give him fits for being so late."

In another moment the horseman drew up before him, but only to exchange a word of greeting, as the gate was thrown wide open, and there was nothing to bar his way. The venerable gate-keeper had conjectured aright. It was Savareen on his black mare.

"Well, Jonathan, a nice evening," remarked the young farmer.

"Yes, Mr. Savareen—a lovely night. You've had a long day of it in town. They'll be uneasy about you at home. Did you find the money all right, as you expected?"

"O, the money was there, right enough, and I've got it in my pocket. I'm obliged to you with that conceited puppy, Shuttleworth, at the bank. He's altogether too big for his place, and I can tell you he'll have the handling of no more money of mine, if I can help it, after the twentieth time within the last few hours, he recounted the particulars of his interview with that young man.

The old man expressed his entire concurrence in Savareen's estimate of Shuttleworth's conduct. "I have to pay the gate-money into the bank on the first day every month," he remarked, "and that young feller always acts as if he felt too uppish to touch it. I wonder you didn't drop him, sir."

"O, I wasn't likely to do that," was the reply—"but I gave him a bit o' my mind, and I told him it will be a long time before I put more of the money in his shop again. And so it will. I'd sooner keep my bit o' money, when I have any, in the clock-case at home." There's never any housebreakers about my premises."

Jonathan responded by saying that, in so far as he knew, there hadn't been a burglary in the neighborhood within the memory. "But all the same," he continued, "I shouldn't like to keep such a sum as four hundred pound about me, even for a single night. No more I shouldn't like you to carry a bit o' money home in the night time, even if nobody knew as I had it on me. Ride you home, Mr. Savareen, and hide it away in some safe place till to-morrow morning—that's my advice."

"And very good advice it is, Jonathan," was the response. "I'll act upon it next time I come of this sort of business. But so saying, Savareen continued his course homeward at a brisk trot.

The old man watched him as he sped away up the road, and muttered to himself, "Not more than half a minute or so, as by this time the light of day had wholly departed. He remained for a minute or two longer after ending the conversation, and resumed his seat on the settle. Scarcely had he done so ere he heard the clatter of horse's hoofs moving rapidly towards the toll-gate from the opposite side. "Why, said he to himself, "this must be Savareen coming back again. What's the matter now, I wonder?"

But this time he was out in his conjecture. When the horseman reached the gate, he proved to be a stranger to the host. Lapierre, mounted on his fast-trotting nag, Count Frontenac—a name irreverently abbreviated by the sportsmen of the parish into Count Frank—had drawn up with a boisterous "Woa!" and reached out towards the gate-keeper a five-cent piece by way of toll, saying, as he did so:

"Well, Mister Perry, how coes everythings wiss you?"

"O, good evening, Mr. Lapierre; I didn't know you till you spoke. My eyesight's getting dimmer every day, I think. Bound for town?"

"Yes, I want to see what has cot Mr. Safareen. He went to town early this morning to see about some money matters, and promised to be back in a couple of hours, put he ain't pack yet. Mrs. Safareen cot so uneasy about him to-night, that she came up to my place and pegged me to ride down and hunt him up. Happen you saw him on his way down?"

"Saw him! On his way down! What are you talking about? Didn't you meet him just now?"

"Meet who?"

"Savareen."

"When? When?"

"Why, not two minutes ago. He passed through here on his way home just before you came up."

"How long before?"

"How long! Why, don't I tell you, not two minutes. He hadn't hardly got out o' sight when you came up." No, of course he had not got home. She had neither seen nor heard anything of him, and was by this time very uneasy. The old man tried to allay her anxiety was not lessened when she heard the strange tale which Lapierre had to tell her.

Even then, however, she did not give up the hope of her husband's arrival sometime during the night. Lapierre promised to look in again in an hour or two, and passed on to his own place, where he found his wife in a little fret, and found there with the narrative of his evening's exploits. Before bedtime the story was known all over the neighborhood.

(To be Continued.)

NEVER BEFORE

Could the public procure in this country a bottle of fine old port wine in proper condition and free from sediment, until Messrs. Freiberzhan introduced their

"COMMENDATOR"

BOTTLED IN OPORTO.

Messrs. Feuerheert have now found it necessary to register the name of the Domiduo and will take legal proceedings against any one infringing upon it, or found refilling the bottles with other wine. Always ask for

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And see that the corks are branded. Beware of cheap imitations, cheapness and nasty taste are not associated.

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Lib.

The first time I ever saw Elizabeth Dill, she was hanging to the boot of a stage coach in the Rocky Mountains. I was climbing up a narrow, rocky pass, and the coach was coming down. As it passed me, I caught sight of a pale faced, scrawny little figure, in a dirty calico dress, holding to the straps of the boot behind. Her tangled yellow hair was flying out in the breeze, and her bare feet just escaped the rocks in the road.

I sat down on a rock, and watched the clumsy coach until it went rolling and swaying around a curve in the pass. Here the girl dropped lightly to the ground, and came toward me, kicking up the dust as she quickly advanced.

A hundred yards or more ahead of me there stood a rough log-cabin, to the door of which, before the girl reached me, there came a slatternly woman, with a dirty baby in her arms, and called, in a sharp, rasping voice:

"Lib! You, Lib Dill! Whar on airth air ye?"

The child was within ten feet of me when the woman called. In reply she cried out, in an injured and irritated tone:

"Here I be!"

"What ye been doin'? Oh, I know! hangin' on to the stage, like the tom-boy ye air! Want another lickin', eh!"

"I don't keer fer yer lickin's!" cried the child, tossing her unkempt head defiantly, while a frown came over her thin face.

"Well, you better care, miss!" cried the woman, angrily.

The girl stood directly in front of me now, fearless and unabashed. With one swift, angry movement of her right hand, she stripped her thin white arm of the loose calico sleeve that covered it, and held it out before me.

"Look there, and there, and there!" she cried, pointing her finger at three long, discolored marks on the upper part of her arm. "Do you think I keer fer any of her lickin's after that!" she asked, with an expression pitiful to see in the face of a girl of fourteen years.

"What ye doin', Lib Dill!" screamed the woman. "I see ye, and ye'd better look out!"

"I said I was going to show them marks to everybody I could long as they was there," said Lib to me. "She give 'em to me fer breakin' an' old cracked teacup. It isn't far fer to lick me like that fer an old teacup, is it, mister?"

There came a wistful expression to the child's face, a wistful and pathetic quaver in her thin voice, as she pointed with her bare arm toward the stage coach, which had appeared again on a distant part of the pass.

"Do you know, mister," she went on, "that if I could only do it I'd hang on to that old coach some time till it had carried me clean away from these parts?"

"And leave your parents!" I asked.

"Parrents!" she sneered. "Them ain't my parrents—wouldn't own 'em if they was. She ain't no kin at all, an' her man's only some forty-fifth cousin or other of my dead-an'-gone mother. But they're just as much kin as I want 'em to be."

The words were uttered with scorn, and on Lib's face was a malignant look that no young girl's face should wear.

Unmindful of the woman's command to "Come right straight here!" Lib sat down on a rock near me, rested her chin in one of her thin hands and asked:

"Where you from?"

"From Ontario," I said.

"Purty country, ain't it?"

"Very pretty indeed, at this time of the year." It was then October. "Have you ever been East?" I asked.

"Me!" Lib laughed that unpleasant laugh again. She stood on a bowlder, and pointed far away to the west, to where a long line of mountain peaks rose dark and unbroken in the distance. "Mister," she said, "I ain't never been beyond them mountings in all the days of my life. Crystal City lays at the foot that range, an' I was born there. That stage coach goin' down this pass'll be further east by noon than I ever was. From this rock I can see further north an' south than I ever was. Me been East? Better ask if I ain't been ter college, too!"

"I don't suppose you have a school here," I said, as gently as I could.

"Mister, I'm the only boy or girl of school age or size in ten mile o' here. Have you any children, mister!"

"I have three," I said.

"Got a little girl, mebbe!"

"Yes," I said, "a little girl," thankful she was not as this child was.

"Mebbe she's 'bout my size, mister?"

"She is," I said.

"Well, now, mister," said Lib, slowly and deliberately, "how would you like fer her to be like me? How would you like fer her to be licked fer nothin', like I am?"

I shuddered at the mere suggestion of such dread contingencies. Lib went on——

"You wouldn't like it, hey? I reckon not. Well, I do hope that little girl of yourn'll never be like I am, nor what I'm likely to be when I grow up."

The pathos and hopelessness in her voice brought tears to my eyes.

"And, mister, do you know I'd walk, I'd crawl, away from this place this day if it wasn't fer—fer"

Her ragged sleeve went up to her eyes; her head held high in defiance until now, dropped low; her voice faltered as she went on—

"If it wasn't for Laty."

"And who is Laty?"

"The baby that there woman held in her arms when she come to the door. Her baby, it is. He's the cunnin'est little thing! He loves me, he does. He puts his arms round my neck, and says so as plain as anything. Don't you want to see him? He ain't a bit afraid of strangers, and he likes men folks. She thinks a sight of Laty, she does; so does La y's pa."

The woman here came out of the cabin, with the adored Laty in her arms. Lib and I went forward to meet them. The woman's voice was harsh and forbidding.

"What's she ben tellin' you, mister?" she asked. "A pack o' lies, I'll be bound. The truth ain't in her, no, it ain't. Now git up to the cabin, miss, and mind Laty. I'm goin' to tell yer pa on ye, and you'll see what you'll git then."

"My paw!" cried Lib. "Jack Lane ain't my pap, an' you know it."

"Sass-box!" was all the answer the woman vouchsafed to this outburst from Lib.

I stayed three weeks in Jack Lane's cabin, for it was the only habitation within two miles of the place, and in those three weeks I saw enough to convince me that poor Lib had not told a "pack of lies," in describing her sufferings. Her life with the Lanes was a living one. They were maliciously and wilfully cruel to her. More than once did I intercede to save her from the cruelty of Jack and Mandy Lane.

Her devotion to baby Lathan did not win from his parents any corresponding kindness for Lib, his willing slave. I often met her carrying the heavy baby in her weak arms on the mountain trails.

"We have real good times when we're off by our two selves," Lib said to me one day. "We talk to each other so! I'm goin' to make a man of Laty some day; he ain't going to be like the things there are round here. He's goin' to have schoolin' an' go out 'mong decent folks, and be somecody in the world. Ain't he purty when he's fixed up?"

He was fixed up that day. He had on a new pink calico dress, clumsily made, and a long-sleeved white apron. His hands and face were clean, his yellow hair lay in what Lib called a tumble curl on top of his head. I had never seen him looking so pretty before. Lib had twined a wreath of mountain flowers around his head, and pinned a bunch of them in front of his coarse white apron.

When the time came for me to go away, Lib followed me far down the dusty road, unmindful of Mandy's shrilly uttered commands to "come right straight back!"

"You had better not go too far, Lib," I said, when we had walked about half a mile; "Mandy will be so severe with you."

"Oh, well, what if she is!" asked Lib, wearily; but her voice had lost none of its old defiant ring, and her bright eyes were red and downcast.

"I should be sorry to have you suffer on my account," I said.

"Oh, I don't mind it, but I reckon I'll go back now. Laty might need me. I jest thought I'd like to go a piece with you. I been thinkin' 'bout that little girl o' yourn to-day, an' I thought I'd kinder like to send her something. I've got it in this little box I'm afraid of anything, but mebbe she'll like it, comin' so far like."

Lib held out a small, flat pasteboard box. In it was a bunch of pressed gentian flowers, tied together with a bit of faded green ribbon—Lib's one treasured bit of feminine finery.

"Well, good-by, mister!" she said. "You've took more notice of me than most folks takes, an' I won't fergit ye; an' I'll try ter remember some o' the things you've said 'bout me bein' patient an' good, an' all that. They'll do to tell Laty some day. I reckon I'm 'bout as good as I'll ever be. This ain't much of a place for folks ter grow decent in. If anything should ever happen to Laty, I'd run away from here."

My heart ached for the forlorn little creature, as I watched her climb the mountains in her rags, while I held in my hand the one poor possession she valued most.

My business took me to a small mining camp, five miles distant, where I was to remain for a month. It was the first of December before I could set a day for my departure. I intended starting on the third. On the afternoon of the second, signs of a storm were seen in the low-hanging cloud that hid the snow-covered mountain peaks. The snow lay smooth and white on all the mountain sides, and it was feared that another fall would make the mountain roads impassable.

I watched with dismay that gathering storm on the afternoon of the third. By three o'clock it was snowing fast; the short day was nearly done; it was growing dark in the narrow gulch; the wind moaned up and down the long black canons; the stunted pines bent low; the mountains seemed frowning down on the helpless little mining camp, and the snow fell faster and faster.

I sat by the window of the office in the little mountain hotel and watched the daylight disappear. By four o'clock it was gone, and the storm had increased.

"It's darker'n a stack of black cats, an' the wind is blowin' a reg'lar cyclone," said the landlord, at nine o'clock.

At ten o'clock he and I sat alone by the office stove. The wind had gone down a little and it had stopped snowing. I was waiting to hear the conclusion of a "yarn" the garrulous landlord was telling me.

"An', sir," he was saying, "if you'll b'leave me, that thar ole cattymount jist riz up an'—great Scotland! did ye hear that?"

He jumped to his feet and stood still, in a listening attitude.

"What is it?" I asked, eagerly. "I did not——"

"Sh-sh-sh!" he held his red and calloused hand up as a sign of silence, and tip-toed gently toward the door.

Sharp and clear arose a prolonged cry as of one in pain.

"Somebody's in trouble!" cried the landlord, as he hurriedly threw a lighted candle into his lantern, threw on his great coat of buffalo skins and started for the door.

I followed him, putting on my overcoat and mittens as I went. We had taken but a few steps from the door when the cry was repeated. I could not tell from whence it came, but my companion's sense of hearing was more acute and better trained than mine.

"It's from the Red Mountain trail," he said, "an' the person that's doing the yelling is getting mighty weak."

Very weak, indeed, was the person whose pitiful cry we had heard. We found that trail buried in a great drift of snow far up the mountain side. As we bent over her the rays of the lantern fell across the thin, pale face of Elizabeth Dill—thinner than ever, and paler from the suffering she had endured that night.

She had fallen prostrate, and was too much exhausted to rise. A ragged old cloak was wrapped around her and a thin shawl had fallen from her tangled yellow hair. A lantern lay by her side, but its light was out. She could not speak until we had carried her down to the little hotel and chafed her chilled form for a long time. Her first words were,—

"Jack Lane—Mandy! Git a doctor and go to them. Let me be. Go to them an' to Laty. He's all alone." Poor little feller! Poor Jack! Poor Mandy!"

A dozen men were soon fighting their way through the drift to the Lane cabin, five miles distant. It was midnight before Lib could tell her sorrowful story, and then it was told with sobs and tears.

"It was only a little after dark," she said. "We were all setting in front room. Laty was in my lap, an', some way or other, I let the little feller fall. Of course Jack and Mandy was mad. I don't blame them, an' I didn't mind it much when Jack whipped me with the ramrod of his gun. I'd ought to have been keerful. Mandy was so mad she driv me out into the shed-room. You know how that is, mister," Lib, said, turning to me.

"It runs back right up agin the mountain, an' there's a cave off the end of it where Jack keeps his taters an' turnips in winter. It was real snug in the cave, an' old Tobe, Jack's dog, was in there. I snuggled up to him, an' cried because I had hurt Laty.

"Purty soon the front door opened a little an Laty came toddling into the shed-room. I could see Jack an' Mandy carrying on near the fire, an' they didn't notice Laty. I slipped out an' ketched him up in my arms.

"'You poor little feller,' I says, 'Lib didn't go to hurt you; Lib loves you better'n anything else on earth.

"Then he cooed in his cunning little way, an' laid his wet little cheeks on mine in a way that like to have broke my heart. I was standing in the cave door, holding him so, when there come an awful roar. I saw Jack an' Mandy jump up, scared like, an' I stepped back into the cave with Laty, an' then——

Here Lib quite broke down, and cried for a long time before she said—

"Well, the next minute everything was pitch dark. Jack nor Mandy nor the cabin nor nothin' was to be seen. There was the awfulest roarin' an' crashin' ever I heard. Me an' Laty an' Tobe all cuddled up in a corner of the cave, scared out of our seven senses.

"After awhile I crawled to the cave door. The snow an' wind was blowin' in. The cabin was gone; there wasn't a sign of it. Then I knowed there'd been a snowslide.

"I yelled an' yelled for 'Mandy and Jack, but there wa'n't no answer at first. By-and-by I heard some one cryin'. Laty's lantern was in the cave. He'd jest been in there, coverin' up the things with old rags and straw, an' we always kept matches on a shelf in there. I got the lantern an' lighted it; then I covered Laty all up good with the rags an' straw, an' made Tobe lay down by him.

"Then I started out, an' I found Mandy wedged in 'mong some rocks 'bout a hundred yards down the mountain. She was cryin' an' goin' on awful poor woman! The way she tuk on 'bout Laty was awful. She couldn't stand, an' I couldn't get her up to the cave.

"'Mandy,' says I, at last, 'I'm goin' down to Crystal Camp for help.'

"'You can't,' says she, awful feeble like.

"'I kin,' says I, 'an' I'm goin', too. An' now, Mandy, says I, 'you jest brace up till I git back; you jest think o' Laty. You're his ma, an' he needs you; think o' that. An', 'Mandy,' says I, "if I don't git back, an' you git out o' here all right, you remember that Lib Dill ain't no hard feelin's agin you nor Jack; an' if I do git back, an' you don't git out o' here, you remember to your last breath that Lib Dill will be a mother to your baby.'

"Then I brought straw an' rags an' covered her up the best I could. She lay still, cryin' an' goin' on fit to break one's heart. I bent over her an' said:

"'Good-by, 'Mandy; I'm goin'.'

"She never said a word, but she flung her one free arm round my neck an' kissed me, an' that made it all right 'tween me an' 'Mandy Lane. Livin' or dead, I ain't nothin' agin her.

"I went back to the cave, and made Tobe lay down by Laty. 'Don't you move,' says I to the dog, an' he won't. They'll find him an' Laty all covered up under straw and rags behind a tater box in a corner of the cave where Laty can't get out. I ain't worried none 'bout him, but, O Jack! O 'Mandy!

"Yes," said Lib, wearily, a little later, "I did have an awful pull to git here, but I knowed ev'ry foot of the way. It was lucky I snatched my old cloak and shawl when 'Mandy drove me out, or I'd froze."

Before noon the next day Silas Ray, the landlord, came down the mountain, carrying Baby Laty tenderly in his strong arms. The child was asleep with the tears on his pretty face. Lib reached up her arms for the baby. Silas laid him gently down by her side and said:

"I reckon you've as good a right to him as anybody now. They're bringing his father and mother down—dead."

My interest in the brave girl and her forlorn charge led me to take them with me when I left Crystal Camp, and I finally turned them over to some wealthy friends of mine in the east, who were both willing and able to provide for them.

This was ten years ago. A few days since I received a letter from Lib Dill, who is now a school teacher in a new town in northern Ontario, in which she says that Laty has grown to be a bright and good boy, and that she hopes to make a good man of him yet.

She also alludes to a certain young farmer, between whom and herself there appears to have sprung up a mutual interest, which has led to plans which, if carried out, will result in her having a home of her own.

"We are all—Laty and the farmer and I," she says, "very happy in planning the future that promises so fair."

How He Would Like To See It.

(Ingenious device of Mr John Ross Robertson. He has ordered a powerful reducing glass substituted for the ordinary panes in the window of his sanctum which faces the "*Mail*" Building.)

John Ross (solil.).—Now I can see the *Mail* as I have always thought of it—small—oh, so very small!

Very Funny.

Husband—"I see that the papers are calling attention to the absurd way in which people say "Isn't it funny!" whenever they hear anything whether funny or pathetic."

Wife—"Yes, I've noticed that ridiculous habit myself; isn't it funny that people should be so very foolish?"

A Spirit Seance.

"Ole' mistess done say youngs massa a spiritualist. I'spec from de looks o' dis room he under de comptrol ob mighty bad spirits las' night."

SPRING NOVELTIES at the GOLDEN LION

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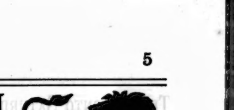

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By Ganz, in F and A flat
A Rose in June
By Loge, in B flat, C and E flat
Answered
By Boyton Smith, in D
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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

Shorter Hours of Labor.

Into the question of whether the early-closing by-law, under which the stores in the principal departments of retail trade are compelled to close at seven p.m., is reasonable or tyrannical, well-considered or the reverse it is not our province to enter. It may be that the good intention of the originators will be thwarted owing to the impracticability of enforcement which has so often interfered with reformatory projects, or that the hardships necessarily resulting to some—from the general alteration in business systems—may produce a revulsion against it. Whatever may be the result of the present movement, however, it is well to bear in mind this central fact, that under the present system or lack of system nearly all classes employed in productive and distributive industry work too long hours, and that this overwork is wholly unnecessary and benefits no one. Owing to want of organization and arrangement, fully one-half of the time of those engaged in business is devoted to purposeless, profitless work, or rather waiting for work. It is not so much the actual labor that is too hard or too long as the time vainly and needlessly spent in attendance upon the counter or in the office, and that is the evil. There is only just so much business to be done, and if all employed were fully engaged while they were at it, eight hours a day, or even, according to some estimates, a much shorter period would suffice to supply every demand. But the keenness of competition and the difficulty of arriving at a mutual understanding have hitherto prevented the general adoption of more sensible, rational methods. The problem of how to effect the change without entailing disabilities upon many or unduly trenching upon the traditional "liberty of the subject," which is so often made a cloak for wrong-headed perversity—is of course beset with difficulties. Some day, no doubt, after many futile experiments in one direction and another have been tried and failed, the remedy will be hit on. There would be no need to relegate it to the far-away future if the people who lead public opinion would devote just about one-half the attention to this really vital question that they do to irritating and useless party wranglings about matters of infinitesimal moment.

The Progress of Artistic Culture.

Canadians are frequently lectured by self-constituted censors upon their backwardness in art and literature, and it is too often generally assumed that the progress which we have made in these directions is altogether contemptible, and that we have little or nothing in the way of accomplishment to show in these departments. It must be admitted of course that—as is naturally to be expected—we are far behind older and wealthier nations, but the assumption that we are at a standstill, and that nothing in the direction of advancement towards a higher standard is being achieved, is based altogether upon prejudice or ignorance. A people must be judged in such matters not by absolute, but by relative progress, not by comparison with communities where the fine arts have been cultivated for centuries and fostered by the state or the munificence of wealthy patrons, but by their present as compared with past attainments.

To any one who recalls the wretchedly poor collections of paintings put on exhibition—usually as an unimportant adjunct to the fall shows—a quarter of a century or so ago—the contrast offered by the Art Exhibition now open, which is universally admitted to have been superior to any previous display of the kind, to the old-fashioned picture show will be conclusive evidence of the immence advances made in artistic culture. Our progress has been the less noticeable because it has been steady and gradual. The exhibitions do not show any marked or rapid advance from one year to another, and it is only by endeavoring to recall the state of affairs back in the fifties or sixties that the observer can fully realize how substantial has been the improvement. The public taste has progressed in an equal—perhaps in a greater—degree than the artistic merits of the exhibitors. Those who take any interest at all in art show an intelligent appreciation of the pictures submitted to their criticism formerly lacking. The increased measure of taste and judgment in matters artistic is evidenced by the fact that whereas not so long ago the press, when they noticed the productions of our native artists at all, did so in a strain of undiscriminating and fulsome puffery, the newspapers now treat of art affairs in a style which has at least the appearance of candid and intelligent criticism. That there is still much inferior work displayed goes without saying. But chromo-like daubs and paintings, stiff and wooden as an old-fashioned tavern-sign, are no longer gushed over and eulogized in superlatives. The standard of recognized merit is steadily advancing, and if those whose wealth and position enables them to encourage art, would do so somewhat more generously, we should in a few years witness a still more rapid development, both of artistic capacity and popular taste.

Our Absurd Divorce System.

Another parliamentary session has passed by without any attempt having been made to change our absurd and anomalous divorce system. It is surprising that a people possessing the good sense generally characteristic of Canadians should have tolerated it so long. As our readers are doubtless aware the only method by which a divorce is procurable in the Dominion is by the passage of a special act of Parliament. Practically the matter is in the hands of the Senate—a committee of which venerable—or at least senile—body is entrusted with the task of hearing the evidence presented by those seeking to free themselves from matrimonial bondage. The process is slow, circuitous and costly, and as a result but few divorces are either sought or granted, such a relief being completely out of the reach of those of moderate means.

With the scruples of those who hold that under no circumstances should a divorce be granted we can largely sympathize, even though we may not wholly agree with them. That divorce has been made too easy in many American States and absolute separations granted for trivial causes is but too true, and public opinion here is overwhelmingly against any assimilation of our law to that of Illinois or Connecticut in this respect. But this is no argument against the constitution of a regular judicial tribunal for adjudicating on divorce cases and granting the relief asked for on the same grounds as are now deemed sufficient by the Senate Committee, but at much less cost, delay and inconvenience to the applicant. The position of those who oppose divorce and yet uphold the present system is inconsistent. A belief in the permanent and irrevocable nature of the marriage tie is a good reason for antagonizing divorce under any and all circumstances—it is no reason at all for saying that a well-to-do person who can spend a thousand dollars or so should be able to procure a divorce, while a poor man or woman should be compelled to remain yoked for life to an unworthy partner. The argument that because divorce is too easy in the United States, therefore the process should be made as roundabout and costly as possible in Canada is equally absurd. Nobody advocates the American system. All that is claimed by those who seek to reform the present anomalous method is that if divorces are to be given under any circumstances, it is better that the tribunal to pass upon them should be one accustomed to the taking and weighing of evidence than a body of men unfitted by previous training and experience for what is essentially a judicial duty. Legislatures and judges in the United States are sometimes bought, yet no one would consider that a valid reason for abolishing the Canadian judiciary or taking from the people the right to elect their representatives.

In short, if the arguments against a change in the divorce law prove anything at all, it is that no divorces should be granted. So long, however, as some are enabled to obtain special legislation to free them from matrimonial bonds which have become galling, it is an injustice to make this privilege dependent upon the means or position of the parties.

Mr. Dent's strange tale of "Savareen's Disappearance," the opening chapters of which appear in the present number of SATURDAY NIGHT, is likely to awaken a good deal of interest and discussion. How far the narrative is founded on fact, and whether it is really, as it professes to be, "a half-forgotten chapter in the history of an Upper Canadian township," are matters as to which we are no better informed than our readers. But we confess to having undergone something like a new sensation as we followed the fortunes of the black mare and her rider, and to have lost ourselves in bootless speculations as to what became of them after their departure from the toll-gate. Can any of our readers unravel the mystery? SATURDAY NIGHT invites correspondence from its numerous readers, and will publish such as received.

Crowded Street Cars.

Editor Saturday Night:

I noticed in the last number of your journal a letter on this subject, with your own comment attached, advocating seats for the ladies at the expense of the males. But why should either stand when all have paid for their seats? To say that when a car is crowded some must stand and courtesy requires it should be the men is no answer in equity, seeing that all equally pay for their seats. The enormous profits made by street-car companies prove that they can afford to give seats for the money they receive. It seems to me, therefore, that justice in this matter requires one of two things: either that those who don't get the seat they pay for should only pay half price for standing room, or that the English law should be introduced into Canada. In England every public vehicle is licensed to carry a certain number of persons, and any infringement of the law brings a fine of $20. To carry out this law in Toronto would of course require the owners of the cars to provide more accommodation at particular hours of the day, when the traffic is the greatest. And why should not this be done? The proprietors can afford it and the public should have what they pay for.

GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR.

Daughters That Make Good Wives.

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful—I mean from principle as well as nature—there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she is placed. Of this I am so thoroughly persuaded that were I to advise any friend of mine as to his choice of a wife, I know not whether my first counsel would not be—"Look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of her worth and affection, indicated by such a behavior, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the marriage state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.

Methodism in Toronto.

BY REV. JOHN HUNT.

RETROSPECTIVE.

IV.

In the year 1829 Mr. William Lawson came from the north of England and took up his abode in Little York. Immediately on his arrival he commenced out-door preaching, after the manner of the Primitive Methodists in England. The place selected by Mr. Lawson for public worship was the old Market square, the site of the present St. Lawrence Hall. Mrs. Lawson generally accompanied her husband, and led the service of song. For this she had remarkable ability, and was never ashamed to use it in so good a cause. Her singing, as they marched the streets toward the place fixed upon for service, attracted much attention.

This was the introduction of Primitive Methodism into Canada. Mr. Lawson was not in the regular ministry, but was regarded as sort of half minister, half layman; and much of his time was devoted to preaching the gospel. I am told that Mr. James Beatty—now venerable with age—became interested, and frequently acted as kind of guard of honor, assisted in placing the table or bench for the preacher to stand upon; and also held himself in readiness to defend and protect him from insult, if occasion required.

The first place of worship erected by this branch of the Methodist family was located on Bay street—a brick building, opened in 1832. Previous to this they occupied the Masonic Hall on Colborne street. A missionary was sent from England in 1831. From this they opened missions in other parts of the city, but continued to worship in Bay street as the principal church, until it became too small. A more commodious church was built on Alice street. The Bay street property was sold, and the congregation occupied the Temperance Hall for about a year. They took possession of Alice street Church in 1854. Success attended their efforts here, during twenty years of occupancy. In the midst of that success the church was destroyed by fire. Instead of attempting to repair the shattered walls, a more eligible site was obtained on Carlton street, and a beautiful and substantial edifice was opened in 1874. Here they continued until the union of all the Methodist bodies in 1883. Colonies from time to time had gone out from this central congregation, and churches were built at Yorkville, also on Queen, Bathurst, Parliament and one near the foot of King street.

The Primitive Methodists have numbered among their members and adherents some of the most successful men of Toronto. I need but name the late Mr. Robert Walker, and the still active merchant, Mr. Thomas Thompson. I do not, however, think that this body of Methodists ever succeeded here in a similar degree to that which attended their labors elsewhere. The success of their methods in England has been, I believe, quite phenomenal. They have reached and moved portions of the population whom other religionists never touched. While, doubtless, they have done good work, yet it has always appeared to me—and I do not say this disparagingly—that there was no place for them here. The same class of population would have been reached as effectively by other churches. For some years previous to 1883 the annual returns show a decrease of membership, and it was with difficulty they maintained their position. This could not be attributed to any lack of zeal, but I think simply to the fact that Methodist bodies with very little difference were too numerous. I will venture this opinion—the union was a relief and a blessing to all.

There were some among the forty who went out from Adelaide street Church (referred to in a former article) whose proclivities led them to seek a home among the New Connexion Methodists. It was generally assumed that this branch of the family had adopted a more liberal policy than some others, and it would be but natural for men holding a certain class of political opinions to look in that direction. A church was erected on Temperance street in 1846, chiefly with funds advanced to the amount of about $4,000 by the late Mr. John Doel. This church was in use for several years, and was served by several excellent ministers. The life of this body in Toronto, however, was not very vigorous, or aggressive at any time. Several of those who first united, dropped out one by one, and returned to the church from whence they came. But union was in the air again, and the first one effected at this time was between the Wesleyan Conference and the New Connexion Methodists, in the year 1874.

Another offshoot from the English Methodists, the Bible Christians, erected a church on Agnes street. I cannot give the date of its erection, but when the different branches of Methodists united in 1883, it became a matter of doubt as to whether or not it should be sold to pay the debt. The decision was eventually to retain it, and a very good work has been done within its walls. As this is the concluding article in SATURDAY NIGHT on this subject, for the present at least, it only remains for me to look, by the way of contrast with the past, at Methodism in Toronto at the present. This I can only do in a very cursory manner, presenting little more than some figures and allowing them to tell the story.

Not only in Toronto, but in the Dominion, there is but ONE Methodist Church. It may in the estimation of some people possibly savor of egotism, albeit, I will venture to say what is in my mind in relation to this matter. It is this: I think the Methodists of this Dominion have set a laudable example to those of other lands, in yielding non-essential points, in order to present an unbroken front before the world. Are they not endeavoring to do their part to bring about an answer to the blessed Master's prayer, "That they all may be one?"

Look at some points of difference now and fifty years ago. They were then a comparatively feeble folk, yet there were some men among them at that time of mighty intellectual power, men, I will venture to say, whose place has never been filled, men who did not count their life dear, if they could be of service to their country and the church of their choice. My own impression is that the Methodists of Toronto, and, in fact, of the entire Dominion to-day, owe a debt of gratitude to the memory of Egerton Ryerson for battles fought and victories won, which as yet they have failed to pay. The chief of those conflicts were engaged in before he was distinguished as D.D., LL.D., or anything but the plain, simple name I have written above. I rejoice to have this opportunity of placing on record my own tribute of admiration for Dr. Ryerson. Men engaged in controversy, such as he was, are not always the most agreeable in social life, nor are they easily accessible to everyone. Yet amid all his public duties, he was ever ready to turn aside and spend an hour with the humblest Christian in distress. Whatever else he had or had not, his heart overflowed with love, and human sympathy. Methodism in Toronto was very dear to him. He lived to see many things resulting from his efforts, and yet there is much to follow. May his memory ever be green and fragrant to us who still remain, until we meet him when we join the great majority in the glorious hereafter.

Fifty years ago! Then the Methodists of Toronto furnished church accommodation probably for about 2,000. Now there is room for more than 24,000! And what is more important, every Sabbath there is scarcely a vacant seat. Then there were but three, or at most four, churches; now there are four and twenty, several of them among the finest edifices of the city. Then there was a membership of less than 500, all told; now there are not less than 8,000 on the church rolls. Then the annual contributions for all *church* purposes did not reach the sum of $2,000; now there is *one* of the four and twenty churches that contributes annually over ten times that amount.

I cannot conclude this paper without a reference to the cultivation of sacred song in our churches. Methodists, from the beginning, have been noted for *hearty* if *not* always artistic singing. You can scarcely enter one of the churches of this city, but you will hear some good and passable music. In some of them you will hear frequently some of the finest classical music rendered in the most impressive manner, giving evidence of taste and culture of a very high order. It could not well be otherwise in this age, when the cultivation of music is so general. There are many among the regular attendants, and strangers who frequently visit our city, who would not be attracted thither if it were not so. And then, is it not fit and proper, that the church should aspire to have the best? You may be sometimes aided in devotion by music of another kind, such as we hear in the streets occasionally. But, music is not noise alone, and this is of a kind which does not live. The other does. Some of it the churches have been using for centuries and it is as fresh and pure to-day as ever. Varying in degree as to approach toward perfection in attainment and rendering, such is the kind of music you may hear in several of the Methodist churches of Toronto. Such attainments are not reached without much study and practice. More than a hundred years ago John Wesley in his journal speaks of his heart being melted within him, and his soul being lifted heavenward while listening to the pealing of the organ, and the words of the anthem, in one of the English cathedrals. Why should any who profess to be his disciples undervalue it? May our love for the truly artistic, the beautiful and the harmonious never grow less!

NOTE.—I find I have made a slight error as to the origin of Elm street Church. Mr. J. E Pell, the Secretary of St. George's Society, tells me that it was commenced from a Sabbath School which he and one or two others began on Teraulay street, from whence they removed to Elm street. Mr. Pell did most of the collecting of subscriptions for the purpose of building the first church there.

(Concluded).

Byron and Burns.

The explanation of the carelessness of Byron's centenary is plain. The fact is its own interpreter. It is his personality which accounts for the indifference. We do not mean his loose life. Burns was as loose a liver, but no famous personality in English literature is so beloved as Burns. Nelson was as immoral, but England bore him upon her heart to St. Paul's, and with his name she conjures English valor still. But Byron personally kindles no emotion save one of half contempt. He had every opportunity, every splendid advantage, every gift that men desire, but the personal life that they all helped to achieve was simply pitiful. His genius asserted itself in passionate and powerful poetry. That was in despite of himself. But all that belongs to character, to pure, generous, ennobling and helpful life, all that depended upon himself, was wantonly squandered. Nor did he apparently even care or try to do differently, except at the last, when he went to Greece.

Of Burns' remorse, regret, and earnest, stumbling endeavor to stand upright, amid pinching poverty and hostile circumstance of every kind, of that profound and penetrating pathos of consciousness of baffled will and loss of life, which appeals to the heart of the world like a sick child to the mother, there is no trace in Byron. But it is the personality, large, generous, humane, aspiring, longing, lamenting—the pearl in the mire, but still a pearl—which gives Burns the love of his fellow men, and makes his name as dear as his song, and amid all the shame and sorrow and nopelessness of his life still whispers:

"'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside."

How It's Done Behind the Scenes.

Utility lady (hurrying in breathless, five minutes after the call for the distribution of parts for the new spectacular production)—What do I get?

Stage Manager (promptly)—You get fifty cents fine for bein' late, and you're the Empress of India in the prologue and Queen of Night in the last act; and you don't want to show up in them dizzy old blue satin shoes again, for you've to sit on a gold throne ten feet high, and put your foot on the neck of the King of Persia in the last act. Now you come here to-morrow at ten, letter-perfect, or you'll be back in the second row, carryin' a tin sword, first thing you know!

On Divers Strings.

Niagara by Moonlight.

Queen's Birthday poem on the new Victoria Park at the Falls.

For Saturday Night.

In the hush of night by full moonlight,
In the pensive summer sky,
On thy heaving bosom wildly bright,
And the rapids foaming by;
I gaze through fountains and veils of mist
O'er thy swelling broad expanse,
Where scenes of grandeur my soul enlist,
And every sense entrance.

I've stood by the shores of a silver sea
That mirrored a landscape fair,
Where shimmering wavelets, lave the lea
And cradle the sleepy sur;
Reclined in rest at sultry noon,
With a leafy screen above,
And sweetly dreamed in its soothing tone
Of a land of peace and love.

But here in thy grandeur all my soul
Is lifted to far beyond
The beautiful thoughts our minds control,
In scenes that have once been fond;
That only the thoughts and deeds sublime,
Of the good and great of earth
Outliving the wrecks and woes of time,
To-night renew their birth.

But thou, O Flood, on thy royal throne
Shall summon the world to see
The splendor by moonlight—still thine own,
In the ages yet to be.
Others shall gaze through the tinted spray,
'Neath the arching iris set,
And tell of thy glory far away,
And the scene they ne'er shall forget.

Thy deep-toned voice shall still magnify
The name of the Lord, who gave
The jeweled crown to thy forehead high,
On the glancing emerald wave;
And I, till I slumber in silence low,
Wherever sweet rest I take,
Will dream how thy singing waters flow,
To sleep in the silent lake.

TORONTO, May 24th, '88. DE BRIBAY.

You and I Together.

For Saturday Night.

You and I together
Go tripping through the heather,
With step so light, and face so bright,
You and I together.

You and I together
With hearts as light as feather,
To each we sing, and fondly cling,
You and I together.

You and I together
In dark and cloudy weather,
With souls so warm, in wind and storm,
You and I together.

You and I together,
With step so light, and face so bright,
To each we sing, and fondly cling,
With souls so warm, in wind and storm,
And every kind of weather.

Thus we two shall and never fail
Go hand and heart together.

TORONTO. A. KIRKWOOD.

The Haunted House.

For Saturday Night.

There's a house might be haunted—that house on the hill,
With its mossy log kitchen and sunken door sill,
Its yard full of lilacs, old-fashioned and queer,
There's a pretty good chance for a ghost about here.

True a long vacant house is best loved by a ghost,
And Skrimps has been buried but six months at the most,
But his miserly spirit it left free to roam,
Will remain where his charity did, here at home.

And hark! I hear sounds from the half-opened door,
Footsteps that creak on the sloping old floor,
Footsteps that merrily join in a race,
And laughter!—Why, Jones must have taken the place.

And now, I remember, the sign on the tree
Is removed, and my neighbor was saying to me
That the house which he lived in was getting too small
For his four grown-up girls and the rest of them all.

There are Mary and Ellen, Euphemia and Kate,
To romp round the lilacs, and spark at the gate,
So that is the way it is haunted you see,
And it frightens a bachelor party like me.

OTTAWA. WILLIAM MCGEE.

A Cosmopolitan Woman.

She went round and asked subscriptions
For the heathen black Egyptians
And the Terra del Fuegians,
She did;
For the tribes round Athabasca,
And the men of Madagascar,
And the poor souls of Alaska,
So she did.
She longed, she said, to buy
Jelly cake and jam and pie
For the Anthropophagi,
So she did.

Her heart ached for the Australians,
And the Borrioboolí-Ghallans,
And the poor dear Amahagger,
Yes, it did;
And she loved the black Numidian,
And the ebon Abyssinian,
And the charcoal-colored Guinean,
Oh, she did!
And she said she'd cross the seas
With a ship of bread and cheese
For those starving Chimpanzees,
Sure she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian,
And the poor half-melted Feejeean,
And the dear Moluccs Islander,
She did.
She sent pie and canned tomato
To the tribes beyond the Equator;
But her husband ate potato,
So he did;
The poor helpless, homeless thing
(My voice falters as I sing)
Had his clothes up with a string,
Yes, he did.

S. W. FOSS.

Here and There.

The License Commissioners have been busy and the knife of the official guillotine has cut short the hopes of many a dispenser of ardent drinks.

* * *

While the people of this broad Dominion can proudly boast that the law in its administration assumes an impartial attitude towards the rich and the poor, the fact is forcing itself upon all that whilst a man may shamble on the shady side of the moral and financial highway, he may yet fare better in certain cases than he whose moral and financial steps have been in the narrow pathway, but who has the misfortune to put up at the wrong political hostelry.

* * *

One of the primary objects of the Commissioners should necessarily be the placing of the license in the most respectable and liable hands, in the keeping of those who have every motive for running the traffic in the most legitimate manner.

* * *

Have the present Commissioners had this fact before their eyes in awarding the licenses this year? A glance at the rejected will clearly show that they have not. And yet Messrs. Ryan, Proctor and Armstrong, if no better, are certainly not worse than their predecessors. They are simply the tools of a system. What if they refuse a license to a respectable chemist on King street, whose standing and record are beyond reproach, and what if they grant one to the jail-haunted henchman who has served the regnant party in many a fight at the polls! They simply pursue the same tactics that Conservatives would pursue were the members of that party on the Government side of the Local House.

* * *

Licensing, as it at present exists, is but an outcome of the spoils system. Every loyal supporter of the party in power cannot be provided with an office in the public service, and as public houses are frequented by many of the free and enlightened and are the scenes of a goodly portion of the wire pulling which goes on in our midst, it can easily be seen that the proprietors of such places can be and are of much service. Saloon-keepers naturally enough demand a *quid pro quo*, and the Government officials respond to this appeal with a license.

* * *

That Her Most Gracious Majesty has at last commenced to glance suspiciously at the records of sundry Americans presented for her royal countenance is hardly to be wondered at. Indeed the only wonder is that this clearing of her vision has not occurred at an earlier date. It has been a long time—as time goes with society—since an ex-stock broker and super-effervescent Israelite of New York, and the lady of his lighter moments gained the entree of the drawing-room, only to have it re-called. Since then, it would appear a great many choice specimens of American social riff-raff have managed to secure the same favor, and have been fortunate enough to escape the subsequent drawback of the forgoing scion of the House of Jacob. There will be a careful revision in the list of name sent up by the American Embassy, at least for some time to come.

* * *

The ceremony of a presentation is the last relic of a time when social worth was defined by royal favor alone, and although it does extract the smile of wisdom and the grin of irreverence, still it is, by the unwritten law of society, made a factor in the establishment of social position. This being the case, and society having a perfect right to amuse, or employ itself as it chooses, so long as it does not render itself too offensive to the greater public from which it holds itself apart, it remains only necessary to preserve the ceremony from being made impotent as well as slightly ridiculous.

* * *

The Primrose League is an association of ladies of rank and position sworn to defend the principles of true blue Toryism throughout the empire. They call it the Primrose League because of a dim, hazy idea that the late Anglo-Hebraic Benjamin Disraeli was partial to primroses—which he wasn't at all, his taste running to peacocks, chromos and similar gorgeousness—and they apparently spend their time in lobbying for votes and running a sort of political side-show. The lady members are called dames, which in itself is a title of distinction. Ergo, a very considerable number of Englishwomen have hastened to become members.

* * *

But all things are vanity, and the Primrose League is no exception. The dames complain that the Countess of Salisbury and other titled leaders of the society are polite enough to them at the meetings, but cold and haughty elsewhere—don't ask them to dinner, the dance and other fashionable revels, and, in short, rather snub them than otherwise. This they feel is unjust. They think it unnatural, because they never would have joined the League if they hadn't hoped to get into society by it. They are, of course, perfectly helpless in the matter, and don't think it fair that this should be so. And thus internal dissension is already sapping the fair groundwork of the much-flaunted Primrose League.

* * *

The June number of *Scribners* is to have an article by Robt. Stevenson, on Gentlemen in Fiction, as a sort of supplement to his Gentlemen in Real Life in the May number, and it is possible we shall all be the better for such an article. In this country, of late, as perhaps in all others knowledge of what constitutes a gentleman, and how you may learn to be one, has seemed to be in less demand than instruction as to how one may acquire riches in the shortest possible time, ways and means not considered. Even in our colleges, where all sorts of curious information is stored up and may be acquired, our young men have seemed less anxious to be gentlemen, or even scholars, than to be successful in athletic sports. Robert Louis Stevenson can make the dullest facts interesting stuff, and no doubt he will bring many of those present idea of being a gentleman is to thrash a man who says he isn't one, to a juster perception of the true requirements of the part.

* * *

Does the public fully comprehend the gravity of the rapidly culminating dangers from the overhead electric wires. Of late there has been an epidemic of fatal accidents, not only in New York, but in other cities which established electric lighting almost simultaneously with that city. There is a perfectly clear and scientific reason for it, and one which has apparently escaped notice by the press which has regularly recorded these calamities. It is nine or ten years since electric light wires, carrying a current of electricity so powerful as to be instantaneously fatal if brought into contact with the body, were first strung through the streets. A goodly share of the present plant was set up at that time. The wires and insulating coverings were then new and perfect, and for a certain number of years the plant, which covered the principal parts of the city, would naturally remain in a reasonably safe condition, and it is easy to account for the rarity of accidents in the past. For eight or ten years these wires and insulating coverings have been rotting out, a condition which is not materially modified by the isolated replacements that have been made. All these years age and corrosion have been doing their work, and all over the city there is now stretched a net-work of rotten wire with rotten insulating in which there are hundreds of dangerous spots, where this insulating has broken away or worn off by friction with other wires. In other words, the city is overspread with innumerable chains of pent-up lightning, liable to burst forth at any moment or at any point, simply because of the age and worn-out condition of the plant. As a matter of fact, the season for death's harvest from these wires is just setting in. Nothing short of practically an entire new plant of wires would make the system in any measure safe, and a constant increasing rate of death and damage until the wires are properly disposed of under ground may be counted upon. That the companies have been indisposed to renew their wires and insulatings is, of course, due to the momentary prospects of being compelled to put them underground, and it is safe to say that they will not go to any large expense to better their condition while they still remain in mid-air.

* * *

None who have watched the course of events in Europe can fail to be struck with the fact that as the German Emperor sinks, the war rumors rise. Whilst one is inclined to believe that the possibilities of war and peace are more dependent on the Rothschilds, the Bleichroders, and other financial magnates than the crowned heads of Europe, still there is grave cause for uneasiness.

* * *

So strongly is the Russian pressure felt in Austria and the Danubian principalities that one hardly feels surprise when the frequent rumors arrive that Francis Joseph is about to demand of the Czar the why and the wherefore of Russian legions on the Austrian frontier.

* * *

The Russian position may be briefly set down. After the Turko-Russian war, the Treaty of Berlin wrenched the fruits of that struggle from Russia, while Austria gained two provinces—Bosnia and Herzegovina—without having lifted a finger for them. Bulgaria, supposed to be a dependent on Russia, which created that little Balkan power, has since repudiated Russian influence. Therefore, not unnaturally, Russia seeks another settlement. Deterred from attacking Austria by Austria's alliance with Germany and Italy, she may send her forces into Bulgaria. That would be the next thing to attacking Austria, and would force her to move her armies Russia-wards. To a large extent Germany would be almost compelled to do the same. This being the case, would France resist the temptation to strike for Alsace and Lorraine?

* * *

These are amongst the grave uncertainties of the present situation, which grows momentarily darker as the spring moves on with bud and leaf to summer, and the Kaiser Frederick comes closer and closer to the valley of the shadow of Death.

ST. GEORGE.

Correspondence.

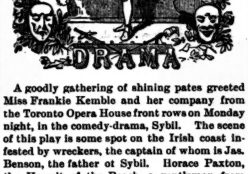
To the Editor of Saturday Night:

There are at the present time two very important subjects in connection with the well being of Toronto occupying the attention more especially of the charitably disposed portion of the citizens; the first is the immigration of destitute men, women and children on a somewhat unusually extensive scale from England, and particularly from the East end of London. Landing as they do without sufficient means to obtain the first meal, they at once appeal to charitable societies, or individuals for support, and for means to pay rent—for they can seldom get admission to the humblest residence without some payment in advance—and then for some of the most absolutely necessary articles of furniture, such as a stove. To cause any community to be thus taxed is undoubtedly a gross injustice perpetrated by the wealthy people of the Mother Land, for if they have occasion to get rid of a surplus population they should colonize them, and then they would benefit them to the greatest extent, and by increasing the product of the country be a benefit to the land of their adoption and tend to the cheapening of the staple articles of food in England. "Oh! but the expense of colonization is so great," at once exclaim the emigration societies and agents of the Old Country. True the first expense would be great, but the ultimate result would also be great. Suppose the wealthy Duke of Westminster with his enormous Belgravia estate were to obtain land from the Government, and send out 500 families from the poor parts of Westminster, say of five to a family, at an expense of £200 sterling per family or a total cost of £100,000, not a quarter of his income for one year, what a relief that would be to that portion of London and he might very possibly get a large portion of it in a few years returned. And then other wealthy men might follow suit, and the two countries would be materially benefited and we should not hear complaints, and just ones too, of pauper immigration.

Then the other subject occupying attention at the present time is the tramp question, or the flocking into the larger cities and towns in the winter season of destitute men who are thrown out of employment in the country parts. As a matter of course, owing to the severity of the Canadian winter, there always will be a large number of this class. Unthrifty, dissolute men have in some way to be provided for, they cannot be left to perish, neither as a rule will they, for if they cannot obtain a living by what they consider fair means they will obtain it by other ways. Then again the present course of immigration has a direct tendency to keep up the supply, especially so for Toronto, therefore to deal with them to the best advantage is the question.

On Monday last a very interesting meeting was held in the Mayor's office, His Worship in the chair, J. McMillan, Prof. Goldwin Smith, S. Alcorn, Dr. Potts, J. Spooner, J. E. Pell, J. J. McLaren, Rev. G. M. Milligan, M. Gibbs, J. Thompson, J. Hall and other gentlemen being present, and the past manner of dealing with these men and its unsatisfactory character was freely discussed. Eventually Mr. McMillan, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, agreed to place a sum of money in the estimates of the year to be given to the authorities of the House of Industry, and which was satisfactory to them, upon the express conditions that they furnish the necessary appliances and enforce personal cleanliness on all admitted to the casual ward, and that they apply the labor test.

I am yours, etc.,
J. E. PELL.
Secretary St. George Society.



A goodly gathering of shining pates greeted Miss Frankie Kemble and her company from the Toronto Opera House front rows on Monday night, in the comedy-drama, Sybil. The scene of this play is some spot on the Irish coast infested by wreckers, the captain of whom is Jas. Benson, the father of Sybil. Horace Paxton, the Hermit of the Beach, a gentleman from Dublin, who has been separated from his wife by the false stories of a scheming adventuress, and has discovered his error when it is too late, lives in seclusion in the home of the wreckers. While he is there, a vessel is wrecked off the shore. He learns that his wife and child were on board, and when a waif has been tossed ashore, he recognizes it immediately as his own child. Sybil protects the child from the rapacity of the wreckers, and becomes strongly attached to it, so strongly that when the father speaks of removing his little girl, she reveals her feelings toward father and child in a somewhat startling manner. The social difference between Sybil and Paxton is removed by the discovery of treasure by her father, Sybil becomes a society lady and marries the Hermit. There are several underplots in the play connected more or less with the principal story.

* * *

Miss Kemble played the part of Sybil, and—when confining herself to comedy—sang, skipped about the stage and winked mischievously at the corpulent individual in the third row—had the best sympathies of the audience. In serious parts she is a failure, as might be expected. Harry Bell is an easy, natural and magnetic actor, and never failed to keep the audience in good humor. The rest of the cast is above the average, notably W. J. Constantine as Wrecker Ben and Bart Wallace as Crooked Mike.

* * *

Untied, a melodrama in five acts was presented for the first time at the Grand Opera House last week by a company composed almost entirely of amateurs. By a liberal exercise of the pruning knife Untied can be turned into a presentable play. At present, as a matter of course, there are certain crudities which are incidental to the first production of a piece. The hero, Harry Morden (Mr. W. R. Ramsay) is wrongfully accused of murder, circumstantial evidence is strongly against him; he flies and after many vicissitudes of fortune as a tramp and farm laborer is finally arrested, brought to trial, and at the last moment is saved by the remarkable statement of a fellow prisoner who confesses to having committed the deed, and who rushes into the court as never a witness rushed before to let 'em know all about it. The court notes the newly arrived evidence and sustains it, and the prisoner finds himself untied and free of the law.

* * *

The balance of the cast, judged from the standpoint from which amateur efforts are viewed, might have been worse. Mr. W. R. Ramsay, with care and study, will develop into a good actor. If he intends to adopt the stage as a profession, he will do well to content himself with a minor part for a year or two; after that his time will come, and he will be appreciated.

STAGE NOTES.

At the Bijou Theater—"I hope I am not disturbing you, Madame," he said, as he squeezed by her to go out at the end of the first act. She answered, with a most angelic smile—"Not at all—my husband runs the bar!"

It is said that Mr. Elliott, who was with the Vokes company last year and became much liked, has retired from the stage for good. He has been a student at law for some time, and recently graduated as a full-fledged barrister with great honor.

A jolly broker of the Hebrew persuasion telephoned from his office to his wife up town to get herself in readiness to go to the theater in the evening.

"Very well, my tear," the amiable woman replied over the wire, "but tell me dis: Vill ve sit in orkesder seats or a box?"

"A box, Rachel," replied her spouse.

"So? Den I vill have to vash for a low-necked dress, Ikey."

William S. Daboll met with a rather serious accident on the stage of the Casino on last Friday night. At the end of the first act of Erminie he has to defend himself as Ravennes against the onslaught of Viscount de Brissac. He failed to defend himself with his sword, and received a violent blow on the wrist, which fractured the bone. The wound was at once attended to, but the pain was intense. Still he pluckily played his role both Saturday afternoon and evening.

An advance agent of Semitic extraction has been famous for the size and brilliance of a solitaire diamond which used to blaze on his shirt front. The other day his friends at the Hoffman House missed its effulgence.

"What's become of your sparkler, Ben?" one of them inquired.

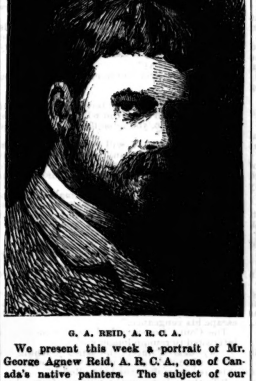
"You see it was like dis: My friendts begun to told me dot nobody but schnobs and fasht vimmin vore big diamonts. So I gif dot shdone to my sister."

A cynic, who is also a critic, tells me he has discovered why adorable women always long to become actresses. It is simply because actresses never grow old. There comes a time, of course, when age overtakes them, but it comes like lightning out of a clear sky, like a flash, and this ever to be 28-year-old star wakes up some fine morning to find herself in the hades of past youth and far down the home-stretch. Time has stood still for them up to a certain point, and then whiz he goes without regard and without remorse. But it was fun while it lasted.

The Cairo (Ill.) correspondent of the *Mirror* tells the following on a prominent star: "Milton Nobles, the actor, is a trifle bowlegged. Monday afternoon he and some of the members of his company were in the opera house arranging the scenery, etc., for the night's performance, when the ubiquitous small boy strolled in. 'What do you want here, boy?' demanded Nobles, sternly. 'Oh, nothin,' said the boy. 'I'm just lookin' 'round.' 'Well, you had better clear out.' The boy looked quizzically at Nobles' legs. 'Strikes me,' he said, 'that you better git out an' go to some tailor an' have yer legs pressed.' The actor laughed good naturedly. 'I guess you may stay awhile, my son.' 'Thanks, father.' And the boy went on 'lookin'.'"

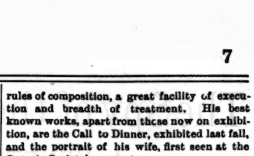
Mme. Frohn, one of the brightest women on the German stage, has just met her end in a horrible and peculiar manner. She had been taking a bath, and had used Veloutine, a perfumed powder, freely on her skin. While trimming her nails she pricked her finger, and the powder penetrated beneath the skin. Instantly her finger began to swell, a surgeon was called and it was amputated. This did not suffice, and the hand followed the finger, but all to no purpose; and the poor woman died soon after in spasms and in great agony. This is a lesson to those of the fair sex who persist in using cosmetics, concerning the ingredients of which they are profoundly ignorant—a lesson that will probably not be heeded.

Art and Artists.



G. A. REID, A. R. C. A.

We present this week a portrait of Mr. George Agnew Reid, A. R. C. A., one of Canada's native painters. The subject of our sketch was born in Wingham, Ontario, of British parents, in 1860. To those who have watched the work of Mr. Reid this will be rather a matter of surprise, as the knowledge and experience disclosed might reasonably be attributed to one more mature in years. Mr. Reid's first art knowledge was obtained at the old Art School, in Toronto, between the years '78 and '81. From here he removed to Philadelphia, where, at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, he worked hard for three years. The course of study pursued at this school is perhaps the most thorough and unique system pursued at any school on this continent. He afterwards made a tour of Europe, in company with his wife, also an artist, visiting all the picture galleries on the continent. Mr. Reid settled permanently in the Queen City two and a half years ago, first exhibiting at the Ontario Society's rooms on King street. He has also sent important works to Montreal, Ottawa and Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Reid intend revisiting Europe this summer for purposes of art-education. The main characteristics of Mr. Reid's work are boldness and truth, a thorough acquaintance with anatomy, the laws of perspective, and rules of composition, a great facility of execution and breadth of treatment. His best known works, apart from those now on exhibition, are the Call to Dinner, exhibited last fall, and the portrait of his wife, first seen at the Ontario Society's rooms two years ago.



This sketch is from Mr. Reid's painting, Drawing Lots, which has attracted considerable attention at the exhibition of the academy.

* * *

The annual examination of paintings, drawings, etc., is now in progress, and a public exhibition of students' work will commence at the Education Department, St. James' Square, on the 8th of June.

* * *

It must be very gratifying to the Minister of Education and his colleagues, to find that this important branch of our educational system has become so popular throughout the whole Province.

* * *

The examiners, who are appointed by an Order-in-Council, consist of several gentlemen selected for their special practical knowledge in the different branches of Art on which they have to adjudicate, and that their appointment is no sinecure may be judged when we state that over 9,000 examination papers in the primary department, 800 papers in the advanced drawing course, and nearly 300 in the mechanical course were applied for by the art schools, mechanics' institutes, colleges and high schools. In addition the work of over 150 students has been sent for examination in the extra subjects including painting in oil and water colors, china painting, wood carving and engraving, modelling in clay, repousse work, etc.

* * *

The medals will be awarded by his Honor the Lieut.-Governor on Tuesday, June 8th, at the Educational Department, when the exhibition will be formally opened and kept open free to the public for one week from that date.

In a Venetian Church.

It was in this church that I became fully conscious of the superior methods of the Catholic Church in Europe, at least in their ability to reach down and take in all classes of people. The churches of Italy are open at all hours and times. The central portions of the churches are clear. There are chairs about which can be used upon special occasions or by delicate people, but in this Venetian church the audience stood as they would at a political outdoor meeting. There was an utter absence of formal requirement which was most agreeable to witness. People came in and went out as they pleased. Even those who were listening to the sermon felt under no compunctions to listen to more than they cared to hear. They could listen to a portion and then move on. People came in out of the street just as they happened to be dressed in passing. Exquisitely dressed ladies from the highest class stood side by side with market women who came in with their baskets. Here was the first church service held that I had ever witnessed in my life where it was evident that everyone was made welcome, and that in this splendid palace of religion there was the most perfect democracy to be found in its audience.

The Cowardly Cyclone.

"I see," said the old fellow who is much acquainted with the ways of the West, "that the cyclone has been taking a turn in the south. Do you know that there's nothing more cowardly than a cyclone?"

"Cowardly!"

"Yes, cowardly. Did you ever know a cyclone to tackle anything of its size? Did you ever know a cyclone to make a dash at a great city? No, for that's not the nature of a cyclone. When it can slip up on some little weather-boarded town that has just gone to sleep then it dances a jig of furious glee. It dashes at the court house and scatters it about the public square; seizes the Methodist Church and slams its life out against the town hall; wrenches the groaning windlass from the town well and kills the mayor with it, and then enters upon the frolic of general destruction. But how does it act when it strikes a great city? It is like the cowboy who, having shot out the lights of a frontier saloon and made himself master of the place, goes to a big town and piteously begs for a drink. It gathers up dust and throws it in the eyes of the people, but it does not demolish the chamber of commerce. It howls with cowardly rage, and then dozes in a vacant lot. 'Never mind,' it says to itself, 'I know what I am doing. Yonder is a countryman with a blanket about his shoulders. He lives in a little village out in Iowa. I'll follow him out home, and after he has gone to sleep, I'll pick him up and beat his life out against the ground. Then I'll go into the village park and tangle the maple trees like ocean weeds heaped on a surf-beaten shore.' 'No, sir,' the waterner continued, "there is nothing more cowardly than the cyclone."

What Else Could He Do?

"The only time I ever really felt ashamed in my life was at the battle of Cedar Rapids," said the Major. "My horse fell under me and I was obliged to ride an army mule during the rest of the engagement."

"I remember it well," said the Judge. "I found that mule an hour after you dismounted that day."

"Really, old man, I hardly expected to be corroborated so promptly. Where did you find him?" asked the Major.

The Judge saw that there was a clear run for the door as he replied, "Stone dead, behind a rail fence."

"Shot?"

"No; mortification."

Power of the Human Eye.

They were at the Central park menagerie.

"Do you know, Miss Maude," he said, "that the human eye, when fixed upon the eye of a brute, has a marvellous effect?"

"Does it?" she asked.

"Yes; now watch me paralyze that tiger."

Long and fixedly he gazed at the monarch of the jungle, when sudenly the frightened animal threw back its head and yawned, then licked his paws enjoyably, and languidly closing its eyes, dreamed of farther India and chasing British noblemen over elephants' backs.

"Marvelous!" exclaimed Miss Maude.

The Spy of the Secret Three

A VENETIAN TALE.

CHAPTER IV.

ZENELLA.

Alonzo de Verona had now no thought of self. The men before him might be Inquisitors; they might be kings; they might represent the whole power and authority of the Council of Ten or the Secret Three. He only knew that they were acting the part of ruffians, and that they would bear to grief one who had allied to him for aid. And who was the maiden? Who could she be that forgot her own need in thought for his safety! His sword was quickly drawn, and he faced the spy as he would have faced a would-be assassin.

"Beware!" said the Crape Mask. "You know not with whom you have to deal."

"You mistake, assassin. If you know me, be sure I know you in turn," retorted the prince, advancing his sword-point.

"Poor fool! You have to deal with the State Inquisition."

"Say, rather, with the Spy Dagolfo."

"And he has the authority of the Three in this. Back!"

"Wilt thou unhand the girl and give her into my care!"

"Alonzo of Verona, are you mad?"

"Santa Maria! you shall find whether I am mad. Once more, unhand the girl, or I strike."

"Idiot!" exclaimed the spy, thrusting the maiden behind him, "you are in a hurry to die. So be it, then. If you choose to strike—come on."

At this moment the fair prisoner clasped her hands in prayerful agony. The light from the shrine, struggling through the gloom, revealed a face and form of marvellous beauty, and when Alonzo saw he shook the folds of his cloak from his sword-arm and advanced his foot for the onset.

"No! no!" cried the maiden. "Not for me, Alonzo! Save yourself ere it be too late. God will provide."

"The girl is wiser than thou art, Signor," said Dagolfo.

"And thou," replied the prince, "wilt best show thy wisdom by following thy companion."

The spy cast a quick glance towards the landing.

"O," added Alonzo, "the Inquisitor is gone—he has crept out of the scrape—which gives proof that this business is not official. Tell me, lady, can this man rightfully detain you?"

"O, no, no! It is a most cruel and wicked——"

"Peace!" interrupted the spy. "And thou, Signor, back, or take the consequences."

Thus speaking, Dagolfo raised his sword.

"I would not shed the blood of a De Verona if it can be avoided," he added; "but I must have passage with my prisoner."

"If you pass it must be alone."

"Then take the reward of thy folly."

The spy threw himself into position, and the first sweep of his blade not only proved him to be a master of the weapon, but also indicated that he had perfect confidence in his own superiority. Less confidence and more care might have served him better. As it was, he forced the fighting, and was very quickly to find that he had met an antagonist whose skill was equal to his own, and whose motions were far more rapid.

De Verona had no desire to prolong the conflict, and at the first opening which offered itself—an opening which he carefully studied—he ran the spy through the right shoulder.

"Ah, wretch! I have touched you!" said the prince. "The next thrust will be nearer the heart."

But, as it appeared, another thrust was not required. Dagolfo was certainly not a coward, but he was a man of caution. Had he been engaged in a private quarrel, he would probably have fought to the bitter end; but there seemed to be other interests at stake than his own.

"Hold!" he exclaimed, starting back. "You have done enough—more than have wounded my sword-arm, and may take the prize. But—remember—it is Dagolfo whom you have struck, and through him you have lifted your treasonable hand against the THREE!"

As these words, so dreadful in their significance, fell upon her ears, the maiden uttered a cry of alarm, and would have sank upon the pavement, had not Alonzo sprang to her assistance.

The spy retreated a few steps towards the landing, and then stopped and turned back.

"Alonzo de Verona," he said, slowly raising his finger, "forget not this hour. Henceforth thy life is mine. Thy doom is in my keeping."

And with this the sombre mask turned away, and soon disappeared in the gloom.

The prince, when he saw that the spy was gone, turned his gaze upon the fainting form that reclined in his arms.

He spoke to her, but she did not answer; and he was upon the point of conveying her to the gondola, when he heard steps approaching from the square.

"Who comes?" he demanded, still holding his sword in his right hand.

"Ah! Is it you, Alonzo?"

"Aye. And who art thou?"

"Are your ears traitorous?"

"Ha! Gonsalvo! Now, by the merciful saints! thou art come in good season. But what called thee?"

"I heard high words and the clinking of steel, and also the voice of a female as though in distress. Is not that enough to call any Venetian gentleman from his house?"

"Your house, Gonsalvo! Is it so near?"

"Yes, only across this little square of St. Peter. The distance is further by the canal. But what have you here?"

"A maiden whom I found in the hands of ruffians."

"And you rescued her?"

"As you would have done had you been in my place."

"Most assuredly, if she was held against her will. Some fair young Jewess of the Ghetto, I should judge, by her dress. She has fainted."

"Yes, Adrian."

"And the ruffians?"

"They have fled. The first made off upon my appearance, and the second left when I had pricked him with my sword. But, Adrian, your house is near. I will convey her thither. You will not object?"

The count hesitated, though only for a moment.

"Can you bear her, Prince?"

"Yes."

"Then follow me. But where is the gondola?"

"I left it at the landing. The gondolier will know enough to return when he finds I do not come. Lead on."

Without further remark the count turned towards the square; and when Alonzo had sheathed his sword, he lifted the maiden in his arms and followed.

The Square of St. Peter, so-called, was not much more than an open court, and ere long Gonsalvo ascended a narrow flight of stone steps to the rear door of his dwelling, having opened which, he entered a small hall, where a lamp was burning upon a side-bracket; and when the prince had entered, he re-closed the door and locked it. Then he took up the lamp, and led the way to a comfortably furnished drawing-room, where he pointed to a velvet-covered sofa.

"A nurse! a nurse!" cried Alonzo, when he had laid his precious burden down. "Let her have the ministrations of one of her own sex."

"One moment," interrupted the count. His voice was low and serious, and his look solemn. "Alonzo, I must trust you with my secret, and in doing so I trust you with more than life—a thousand times more."

"Adrian, my life is yours."

"Enough, my brother. I will call one who will prove a most tender nurse."

Gonsalvo left the room, and closed the door behind him.

"In the name of all that is wonderful," muttered the prince to himself, "what can Adrian mean? What can his secret be? And this is why he has never invited me to his home. San Marco! can it be possible that Ha! She raves! She is reviving!"

At this juncture the door was opened, and the count re-entered, followed by a female.

"Lucretia, this is my friend, the Prince Alonzo de Verona."

Our hero beheld a woman, young and beautiful; with a pure oval face, the features delicately cut, her eyes large, dark and brilliant, and the complexion of that warm, glowing tinge which bespeaks the child of a sunny clime. She advanced towards the prince and gave him her hand, and her look was like the look of one who breathes an invocation.

"Lady," spoke the prince, sadly perplexed and wonder-stricken, "I can only say to you, as I said to your——"

"I am her husband, Alonzo."

"As I said to your husband: My life is yours. And now will you look to this unfortunate girl? I think she is reviving."

"She is!" cried the countess; and thereupon she hastened to the sofa and lifted the head of the awakened girl to her bosom.

Alonzo, when he saw that Lucretia was sufficient to the task she had undertaken, turned to the count.

"My dear Adrian," he said, laying his hand upon the shoulder of his friend. "What does this mean? Tell me—is she your wife?"

"She is, Alonzo." Gonsalvo spoke very lowly, and with solemn accents. "But ask me no further questions. I have admitted you to my house, and have given you my secret. If you love me, let this secret be buried so deeply, if possible, that even yourself may forget it."

"Ah, my brother," returned the prince, with sympathetic impulse, "I think I understand. Like my own Zenella, the Lucretia dwell."

"Hush! Not a word, Prince. Breathe it not even to me. Let not the walls hear it. From this moment not a breath, burdened with thought of my home, shall escape your lips."

"You have my word to that effect, Adrian. See! the maiden sits up."

"Santa Maria!" whispered the count, as he now looked upon the resuscitated girl, "is she not beautiful?"

And no wonder he said so, for a more beautiful face never appealed to the sense of human admiration. The maiden was not more than fifteen; of a form as faultless as ever gave model for the chisel of the sculptor, and as lovely of feature as the fabled Peri of Hassan-Abdulhi. Her large, brown eyes gleamed with a flood of soft, liquid light, the dark hair floated back from her pure brow in wavy, shimmering masses; and over and above the classic beauty of form and feature dwelt, like a halo, the inspiration of an inner beauty, celestial in its soul-born purity and grace.

Alonzo de Verona approached the sofa, moving like one who allows himself to be a vision supernal. Trembingly he kneeled, and put forth his hand, and whispered:

"Zenella!"

He dared no more than whisper the name.

The maiden had not forgotten the childlike trust and love of the other years, and with a low murmur of joy she started forward, and rested upon the prince's bosom.

"Alonzo! O! I do not dream!"

"No, Zenella. It is your Alonzo—your own—ever true and faithful. Through the long years no object of earth had had power to make dim your blessed image in my heart, and I have lived through the years I have spoken of in the hope and promise of this blissful hour!"

"Zenella!" cried Gansalvo, advancing.

"Aye," answered the prince, turning upon his friend a beaming, joyous look. "behold my lost Zenella."

"Wonderful!"

"Yes, Adrian, it does seem wonderful. O my soul's most ardent hope hath found fruition. Zenella, my own! the instinct of my love hath not been false to me! Thou art, indeed, mine own! Speak, Zenella."

She clung to him fondly, devotedly, and whispered:

"Only thine, Alonzo!—on all the earth, only thine!"

"Oh, this is a blessing. Some kind fate must have guided me to-night."

At these words Zenella started back, and clasped her hands with a sudden cry—a cry sharp and piercing, and full of terror.

"To-night!" she repeated, pressing her hands upon her brow. "Oh, Alonzo, what have you done? I remember it now! God have mercy on us!"

"Hush, Zenella!"

"Ah, Alonzo, you know not from whom you rescued me."

"Yes, I know."

"Then you know the terrible danger that must henceforth beset you while you remain in Venice. Alonzo, you must flee. O! you are no more safe hero."

"Hush Zenella. I will leave Venice when you can bear me company. But no more of this at present. The danger to which you have been yourself exposed lends terror to your fears."

"No, no, Alonzo," cried the maiden, grasping him by the arm. "I know of what I speak. I know the dread power you have this night aroused and evoked against yourself. Flee! flee! Leave Venice!"

"Without you, Zenella?"

"If you wait for me I shall lose you forever!"

"You are over-fearful, dearest. I will have a care for myself."

"Alonzo, you know not the character of him who must be henceforth your enemy, if you think to remain in Venice and at the same time escape his vengeance."

The Count Gonsalvo had become too deeply interested to remain longer silent.

"Pardon, Prince," he said, touching his friend upon the arm, "what is the meaning of this—to whom does the lady allude?"

"To the villain, Gonsalvo, from whom I delivered her," replied Alonzo, arising to his feet.

"And who were they?"

The prince hesitated. For the first time the spirit of dread came with the thought of the Secret Three.

"It was Rinaldi who would have borne me away," said Zenella, in a fearful whisper.

"The State Inquisitor!" gasped Gonsalvo, turning pale.

"Aye, it was the State Inquisitor," cried the prince, rallying.

"And who was the other?"

"The spy, Dagolfo."

The count started as though he had heard his own death-sentence.

"I pray God you did not offer violence," he said.

"Not to the Inquisitor," replied Alonzo. "He fled as soon as he discovered that I was in earnest; but the spy got a taste of my steel."

"Ye gods! but this is a thing of dreadful portent," exclaimed Gonsalvo, trembling from head to foot. "You were wild; you were beside yourself. Better far for you had you struck the Doge himself to the heart!"

"Adrian," spoke the prince, with deep and rushing emotion, "look upon that fair girl and remember that I love her—that my heart has been all her own for years. Think how I left her; think how I have lived upon the hope of the joy that should be mine in our re union; think how my soul was burdened when I returned and knew that she had gone from my father's roof; bear in mind how I have prayed that she might be restored to me, and then picture to yourself, if you can, how I felt when I found her to-night in the hands of those ruffians. Think—think, Adrian, and tell me what you would have done!"

The count was silent.

"Look upon your own Lucretia," continued the prince. "Do you love her!"

"O, my God!"

"What would you have done if you had found your Lucretia as I found my Zenella?"

Gonsalvo sank down, and covered his face with his hands.

"God grant that the need may never come!" he ejaculated. "I should strike as willingly as you did."

"My lord," implored Zenella, taking the count by the hand, "you know the danger and can guard it. Save Alonzo if you can."

Gonsalvo started to his feet, and gazed first upon the beautiful petitioner, and then upon the prince. Then he looked upon his wife; and then he moved away, and passed to and fro across the floor. At length he stopped, and took his friend by the hand.

"Alonzo," he said, "I cannot withold my aid in this great need; but if you would have me serve you—and serve Zenella—you must be governed by me. I do not think I can secure by the spy, and they may not look for the maiden beneath my roof. Let Zenella remain here. We will give her such concealment as we can. You had better return to your palace as secretly and as quickly as possible, and there remain until you either see or hear from me. Whatever may be the disposition of Rinaldo, I am sure he will not proceed against you in a hurry. He will contrive to find some other charge against you than that of having rescued a fair maiden from his ruffian hands; for, even to his associate Inquisitors, I do not believe he would care to have his outrageous marauding known. He will have spies at work, and we must have spies in turn."

"One word," interrupted the prince. And then turning to Zenella, he asked:

"Why had Rinaldo laid violent hands upon you? Did you know his purpose?"

The maiden paled and shuddered. There was no blush; but only such emotions as one might feel who had been breathed upon by a vampire.

"I can answer that question," said the count. "Rinaldi is a villain without conscience, whose gross passions stop at nothing in the way of their gratification. This is not the first time he has been guilty of such offence. Woe be to the maiden upon whom his evil eye is fixed."

"And such a man holds rule in Venice!" cried the prince, bitterly.

"Aye," answered Gonsalvo; "such men have held rule in all time. But we are wasting precious moments. We know not how soon the hounds of the secret tribunal may be put upon the scent. They must not be led hither."

"I understand," said Alonzo. "Allow me to speak but a moment with Zenella, and I am then at your command."

The count and his wife drew apart, and Alonzo sat down by Zenella's side, and took her hand.

"Zenella, before I go, I must hear one sweet word from you. I know why my father sent you away. I know now why I was sent abroad five years ago. I have returned to Venice, not because I was my home, but because I hoped to find Zenella here. And, now, having found you, have I found my love? Tell me——"

"Hush!" faintly whispered the maiden. "You rush to your own destruction."

"Let that pass for the present," pursued Alonzo, impulsively. "For now I only ask you this: If you could be mine in safety and honor, would you return my love and give me your hand?"

The maiden's answer was murmured forth upon the prince's bosom. Him alone of all the world she truly loved—her heart had been all his own since first she had known what love was.

"Enough!" our hero cried, snatching a kiss from the maiden's willing lips. "Rest safely here, Zenella, and trust to these dear friends. I will be cautious and circumspect."

Then turning to the count, he added:

"Gonsalvo, have you anything I give more than life. I know I can trust you. You will let me hear from you very soon?"

"I will either see you or send you some word on the morrow," returned the count.

"It is well, Zenella, God bless and keep you! Fear not for me. There are bright days in the future. Adieu, my own sweet love!"

And with these words the prince turned away, and followed the count from the apartment.

CHAPTER V.

THE SEALING OF A DEATH DOOM.

While the scene last recorded was transpiring, the Spy of the Three had made his way to the landing of the Piazetta, and had entered an archway close upon that opened into the Ducal Palace directly beneath the Bridge of Sighs. In a small, dimly-lighted, dungeon-like office, he found two dark-robed familiars of the Tribunal, who, upon being asked so to do, helped him to dress his wound. It was only a puncture through the fleshy part of the shoulder, and proved to be of no serious character. The familiars, while they bathed and bandaged the shoulder, were anxious to know how it had happened; but Dagolfo had no mind to enlighten them.

"San Marco!" cried one, "whoever did it could not have known whose flesh he was pricking."

"Why do you say that, Bassano?"

"Because, any man, in his senses, would sooner jump into the fire than tempt the vengeance of Dagolfo."

"Unless," suggested the second familiar, "he chanced to be a man not versed in the State affairs of Venice."

"Thou hast wit it, Perazzo. The man who gave me this prick was young and hot-headed, and a stranger to our usages; and I think I shall forgive him."

The two familiars laughed in concert.

"I mean," added the spy, "that I shall not proceed against him at once."

"You will give him the rope, and let him hang himself," said Bassano.

"By my life, but thou art penetrating. Thou hast hit very near to the mark. If I am not greatly in error, this cut in the shoulder will prove a golden cut for me. But I waste time here. Has Rinaldi arrived?"

"Yes, he came only a few minutes before you."

"Then I will seek him—and, mark you! not a word! Do you hear?"

The familiars promised to be silent, and the spy passed on, and entered a narrow, vaulted passage beyond the office, whence he ascended a flight of winding stairs to a door which he opened by a secret spring. This gave him admission to a small chamber, or ante-room, where he found the man he sought.

Rinaldi had removed his hat and his mask, and by the light of a hanging lamp his form and features were fully revealed. He was tall and bony, with a stooping frame, and an awkward, shuffling gait. His face was dark and forbidding, the brow low and deeply corrugated, the eyes broad and coarse, the lips heavy and sensual, and the whole contour expressive of the grossest passions.

"Ah, Dagolfo," he said, as the spy entered, "did you come alone?"

"Alone, Signor," replied Dagolfo. And as he came within the light of the lamp, his features, too, were revealed. His face was dark, even to swartness; but he had none of the wolf-ish look of his master. His was a feline cast of countenance; his features clean-cut and regular, and of the Arab type; and a shrewd judge of character would have at once discovered that in him was curiously combined ferocity and cunning—a dangerous man—vindictive, cruel and entirely unscrupulous—dangerous alike to friend and foe; and yet service-able to a power like unto that of the Secret Three.

"How now, Dagolfo? You wear a disturbed look. Were you forced to give up the girl?"

"I gave her up, Signor, deeming discretion the better part of valor on such an occasion. Demonio! but the young prince proved himself a better swordsman than I had thought. He gave me a prick in the shoulder which was far from agreeable."

"Sdeath! Say ye so? And yet he knew thee!"

"Yes."

"And dared to raise his hand?"

"As I have said."

"Now, by heaven! we have him on the hip. He hath drawn deadly weapon against a servant of the Secret Three. We will proceed against him at once."

"And what will you gain by that?" asked the spy, calculatingly.

"What will I gain?" repeated Rinaldi, furiously. "I will gain his death and gain the girl! I tell thee, Dagolfo, Zenella must be mine. So fair a maiden have I never seen."

"The death of the prince and possession of the maiden" said the spy, counting off the propositions upon his fingers. "And in that case, what becomes of the prince's vast wealth?"

"Confiscate, of course."

"Aye, but how? Confiscate to whom?"

"To the State."

"And, pursued Dagolfo, bending forward, and telling his propositions upon his fingers as before, "the Doge, backed by his officers of the Treasury, will see to it that such sequestrations go into the State's coffers. Those coffers are now empty, as you know; and when Giovanni shall demand that the sequestered estates be turned over to the use of the Government, we cannot oppose him. In dealing with the Prince of Verona we cannot move without cause; and it would be difficult to convince the people that Ten that there had been treason in the act of rescuing an innocent maiden from the hands of your spy."

"But, Dagolfo, the Ten need know nothing of it. The affairs of life and death are in the hands of the Three. Mendoza and Alvado will stand by me, as I have done by them; and for our acts we are obliged to give no reason."

"You lose sight of the main point, Signor."

"How so? Is it not the girl I would secure?"

"There are other girls in Venice as fair as this Jewess."

"Not so, Dagolfo. By heaven, this maiden is as the one pearl of great price; and though lodged in the Ghetto, I doubt if she be of Hebrew blood. You brought her to my notice; what think you of her origin?"

"I have not given a thought to the matter," returned the spy, evasively. "I saw her, and saw that she was beautiful, and so called your attention thereto; but, even allowing that there is not another in Venice so fair, you cannot deny that there be many that are worthy of Rinaldi's love."

"Aye, but——"

"One moment, Signor. Are not the estates of Verona rich in the city?"

"I grant you that, Dagolfo."

"Now listen, my noble Councillor. Suppose I could bring about the destruction of this Prince of Verona, leaving Zenella to your possession, and, at the same time, provide for such confiscation that fat one-half of all the wealth should fall to you?"

"Dagolfo!" pronounced the Councillor, with an eager, startled look. "What mean you? You are beside yourself."

"I am not apt to undertake that which I cannot accomplish, Signor."

"How was it with the business of to-night?" demanded Rinaldi, with a nod.

"That was none of my undertaking," quickly retorted Dagolfo.

"But you let the girl slip."

"Aye, and at the same time planned for the weaving of a web that should secure a far more valuable prize."

"Dagolfo, explain yourself. By Saint Peter! if you can do what you say, you shall name your own reward."

"In one word, then, Signor," said the spy, with calm decision, "I, and I alone, can accomplish the work. I can bring Alonzo de Verona to his death, and yet so that no suspicion; and after that the maiden is at our mercy."

"You talk of confiscation as though estates confiscate fell into the hands of the State like over-ripe pomegranates. Over life and death our power is absolute; but who shall wrest from the hands of the Doge and his ministers the control of things financial? he, my worthy familiar, with a power and authority before which even the Doge himself trembles, the Council cannot rob the Doge of his gold."

(To be Continued.)

Deceiving Children.

My attention has recently been called to this subject, and to ask questions they do do.

A bright little girl of two and one half years is one of our neighbors.

"There, Mamie, you must not go there, dogs are there, they will bite. Ah, you must not do that—cows will come and eat you."

These are the statements little Mamie hears from morning until night day by day. She used to be frightened, and the sight of a real dog or cow nearly drove her into convulsions.

One day she stood looking at me through the window. Her mother wishing her to go away, said: "The lady is gone, she is not there." She knew I was there, but did not know that Mamie was looking at her. Again, "I shall whip you if you do not mind." Mamie knows that one half the time she does not receive the promised whipping, and ventures to disobey, and, catching the spirit of her mother, she will say, "No, mamma, I will not run away," and as soon as her mother's face is turned runs as rapidly as she can. These are daily occurrences. What will Mamie be fifteen years from now? A true woman? A help to society? One who will lead from paths of falsehood a weak friend? Will she be this?—and yet what mother does not want her daughter to be all this?

A little boy, being carried with his mother to visit a friend, peeps cautiously under the bed with the remark, "Oh, you don't chase bears under your bed."

Mothers, all responsible mothers, what are you doing? What are your thoughts? How can you allow yourself to teach day by day that which will warp and twist and narrow these little minds given to you so pure and clean, coming in perfect purity to receive what you may give to exaggerate with the growth of years, beyond your control, what you now, in full control and powers of selection, plant in the tender minds?

Oh, I earnestly ask, how can you be so careless? What right have you to expect respect from the world when you are daily undermining the truth and honor which we have a right to claim from your children?

If you bring to us a child we have a right to demand a noble, true and perfect man or woman, as far as your training and example can train "the young idea to shoot."

An Awful Threat.

Wife—Now this is the third time I've caught you in the kitchen talking to the cook.

Husband—Well, I believe it is.

Wife—The very next time I see you talking to the cook I'll discharge her—and do the cooking myself.

That cured him.

Some Other Evening.

Mrs. Nuwed (reproachfully.)—Surely, you're not going out again to-night, Henry?

Mr. Nuwed.—Oh, not again; this trip will keep me until midnight.

Should Be Well Weighted.

Wife—Now, my dear, if you will lay down that paper for a moment I would like to talk to you.

Husband—Fire away.

"What kind of a tombstone ought we to get for dear mother's grave?"

"The heaviest to be found."

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CHAPTER XIII.

A DEAD LETTER.

It was all over—all over at last.

Dolly's first words had said this much when she opened her eyes and found Aimee bending over her.

"Has he gone?" she had asked. "Did he go away and leave me?"

"Do you mean Grif!" said Aimee.

She made a weak gesture of assent.

"Yes," Aimee answered. "He must have gone. I heard the bell ring and found you lying here when I came to see what it meant."

"Then," said Dolly, "all is over—all is over at last." And she turned her face upon the cushion and lay so still that she scarcely seemed to breathe.

"Take another drink of water, Dolly," said Aimee, keeping back her questions until the usual direction. "You must, dear."

But Dolly did not stir.

"I don't want any more," she said. "I am not going to faint again. You have no need to be afraid. I don't easily faint, you know, and I should not have fainted just now only—that the day has been a very hard one for me, and somehow I lost strength all at once. I am not ill—only worn out."

"You must be very much worn out, then," said Aimee; "more worn out than I ever saw you before. You had better let me help you upstairs to bed."

"I don't want to go to bed yet!" in a strange, choked voice, and the next moment Aimee saw her hands clench themselves, and her whole frame begin to shake. "Shut the door and lock it," she said, wildly. "I can't stop myself. Give me some sal volatile. I can't breathe. And such a fit of suffocating sobbing came upon her that she writhed and battled for air.

Aimee flung herself upon her knees by her side, shedding tears herself.

"Oh, Dolly," she pleaded, "Dolly, darling, don't. Try to help yourself against it. I know what the trouble is. He went away angry and disappointed, and it has frightened you. Don't, please don't, darling. He will come back tomorrow, he will, indeed. He always does, you know, and he will be so sorry."

"He has gone forever," Dolly panted, when she could speak. "He will never come back. To-night has been different to any other time. No," gasping and sobbing, "it is fate. Fate is against us—it always was against us. I think God is against us, and oh, how can He be! He might pity us—we tried so hard and loved each other so much. We didn't ask for anything but each other—we didn't want anything but that we might be allowed to cling together all our lives and work and help each other. Oh, Grif, my darling—oh, Grif, my dear, my dear!" And the sobs rising again and conquering her were such an agony that Aimee caught her in her arms.

"Dolly," she said, "you must not, you must not, indeed. You will die, you can't bear it."

"No," she wailed, "I can't bear it—that is what it is. I can't bear it. It is too hard to bear. But there is no one to help me—God won't. He does not care for us or He would have given us just one little crumb out of all He has to give. What can a poor, helpless girl be to Him? He is too high and great to care for our poor, little powerless griefs. Oh, how wicked I am!" in a fresh burst. "See how I rebel at the first real blow. It is because I am so wicked perhaps, that all has been taken from me—all I had in the world. It is because I loved Grif best. I have read in books that it was always so. Oh, why is it! I can't understand it. It seems cruel—yes, it does seem cruel—as cruel as death, to give him to me only that I might suffer when he was taken away. Oh, Grif, my darling! Grif, my love my dear!"

This is over again and again, with wild, heart-broken weeping, until she was so worn out that she could cry no more, and lay upon Aimee's arm upon the cushion, white and exhausted, with heavy purple rings about her wearied, sunken eyes. It was not until then that Aimee heard the whole truth. She had only been able to guess at it before, and now hearing the particulars, she could not help fearing the worst.

It was just as she had feared it would be, another blow had come upon him at the very time when he was least able to bear it, and it had been too much for him. But she could not reveal her forebodings to Dolly. She must comfort her and persuade her to hope for the best.

"You must go to bed, Dolly," she said, "and try to sleep, and in the morning an everything will look differently. He may come, you know—it would be just like him to come before breakfast. But if he does not come—suppose," hesitatingly, "suppose I was to write to him, or—suppose you were to?"

She was half afraid that pride would rise against this plan, but she was mistaken. Seven years of love had mastered pride. Somehow or other pride had never seemed to come between them in their little quarrels, each had always been too passionately eager to concede, and too sure of being met with tenderest penitence. Dolly had always known too confident that her last relenting word would touch Grif's heart, and Grif had always been too sure that his first half-softened reproach would bring the girl to his arms in an imploring burst of loving repentance. No, it was scarcely likely that other people's scruples would keep them apart. So Dolly caught at the proposal almost eagerly.

"Yes," she said, "I will write and tell him how it was. It was not his fault, was it, Aimee? How could I have borne such a thing myself? It would have driven me wild, as it did him. It was not unreasonable at all that he should refuse to listen, in his first excitement, after he had waited all those hours and suffered such a disappointment. And then to see what he did. My poor boy! he was not to blame at all. Yes, yes," feverishly, "I will write to him and tell him. Suppose I write now—don't you think I had better do it now, and then he will get the letter in the morning, and he will be sure to come before dinner—he will be sure to come, won't he?"

"He always did," said Aimee.

"Always," said Dolly. "Indeed, I never had to write to him before to bring him. He always came without being written to. There never was anyone like him for being tender and penitent. You always said so, Aimee. And just think how often I have tried his patience! I sometimes wish I could help doing things—flirting, you know, and making a joke of it. He never flirted in his life, poor darling, and what right had I to do it? When he comes to-morrow I will tell him how sorry I am for everything, and I will promise to be better. I have not been half so good as he has. I wish I had. I should not have hurt him so often if I had."

"You have been a little thoughtless sometimes," said Aimee. "Perhaps it would have been better if you had been helped."

"A little thoughtless," said Dolly, restlessly. "I have been wickedly thoughtless sometimes. And I have made so many resolutions and broken them all. And I ought to have been doubly thoughtful, because he had so much to bear. If he had been prosperous and happy it would not have mattered half so much. But it was all my vanity. You don't know how vain I am, Aimee. I quite hate myself when I think of it. It is the wanting people to admire me—everybody, men and women, and even children—particularly among Lady Augusta's set, where there is a sort of fun in it. And then I flirt before I know; and then, of course, Grif cannot help seeing it. I wonder that he has borne with me so long."

She was quite feverish in her anxiety to condemn herself and exculpate her lover. She did not droop her face against the pillow, but roused herself, turning toward Aimee, and talking fast and eagerly. A bright spot of color came out on either cheek, though for the rest she was pale enough. But to Aimee's far-seeing eyes there was something so forced and unnaturally strange in her sudden change of mood that she felt a touch of dread. Suppose something should crush her newly-formed hopes—something terrible and unseen! She felt a chill stirring to the heart at the mere thought of such a possibility. She knew Dolly better than the rest of them did—knew her highly-strung temperament, and feared it, too. She might be spirited, and audacious, and thoughtless, but a blow coming through Grif would crush her to the earth.

"You—you mus'n't set your heart too much upon his getting the letter in the morning, Dolly," she said. "He might be away when it came, or—a twenty things, and he might not see it until night, but—

"Well," said Dolly, "I will write it at once if you will give me the pen and ink. The earlier it is posted the earlier he will get it."

She tried to rise then, but when she stood up her strength seemed to fail her, and she staggered and caught at Aimee's arm. But the next minute she laughed.

"How queer that one little faint should make me weak!" she said. "I am weak—actually. I shall feel right enough when I sit down, though."

She sat down at the table with her writing materials, and Aimee remained upon the sofa watching her. Her hand trembled when she wrote the first few lines, but she seemed to become steadier afterwards, and her pen dashed over the paper without a pause for a few minutes. The spot of color on her cheeks faded and faded, her lips sometimes it was gone, and again it was scarlet, and before the second page was finished tears were falling soft and fast. Once she even stopped to wipe them away, because they blinded her, but when she closed the envelope she did not look exactly unhappy, though her whole face was tremulous.

"He will come back," she said, softly. "He will come back when he reads this, I know. wish it was to-morrow. To-morrow night he will be here, and we shall have our happy evening after all. I can excuse myself to Miss Mac-Dowlas for another day."

"Yes," said Aimee, a trifle slowly, as she took it from her hand. "I will send Belinda out with it now. And she carried it out of the room.

In a few minutes she returned. "She has taken it," she said. "And now you had better go to bed, Dolly."

But Dolly's color had faded again, and she was resting her forehead upon her hands, with a heavy, anxious, worn look, which spoke of sudden reaction. She lifted her face with a half-absent air.

"I hope it will be in time for to night's post," she said. "Do you think it will?"

"I am not quite sure, but I hope so. You must come to bed, Dolly."

She got up without saying more, and followed her out into the hall, but at the foot of the staircase she stopped.

"I have not seen Tod," she said. "Let us go into Tolinette's room and ask her to let us have tea to-night. We can carry him upstairs without wakening him. I have done it many a time. I should like to have him in my arms to-night."

So they turned into Mrs. Phil's room, and found the handsome young matron sitting in her dressing-gown before the fire, brushing out her great dark mantle of hair.

"Don't waken Tod," she cried out as usual; and then when she saw Dolly she broke into a whispered volley of wondering questions. Where in the world had she been? What had she been doing with herself until such an hour? Where was Grif? Wasn't he awfully vexed? What had he said when she came in? All of which inquiries the two parried as best they might.

As to Tod—well, Tod turned her thoughts in another direction. He was a beauty, and a king, and a darling, and he was growing sweeter and brighter every day—which comments, by the way, were always the first made upon the subject of the immortal Tod. He was so amiable, too, and so clever and little trouble. He went to sleep in his crib every night at seven, and never awakened until morning. Aunt Dolly might look at him as much as she pleased, and he would lie with his little soft two precious middle fingers in his little mouth. And Aunt Dolly did look at him, lifting the cover slightly, and bending over him as he lay there making a deep dent in his small, plump pillow—a very king of babies, soft and round and warm, the white lids drooped and fast closed over his dark eyes, their long fringes making a faint shadow on his fair, smooth baby cheeks, the two fingers in his sweet mouth, the round, cleft chin turned up, the firm, tiny white pillar of a throat bare.

"Oh, my bonnie baby!" cried Dolly, the words rising from the bottom of her heart. "How fair and sweet you are!"

They managed to persuade Mrs. Phil to allow them to take possession of him for the night, and when they went upstairs Dolly carried him, folded warmly in his downy blanket and held close and tenderly in her arms.

"Aunt Dolly's precious!" Aimee heard her whispering to him as she gave him a last, soft good-night kiss before they fell asleep. "Aunt Dolly's comfort! Everything is not gone so long as he is left."

But she evidently passed a restless night. When Aimee awakened in the morning she found her standing by the bedside, dressed and looking colorless and heavy-eyed.

"I never was so glad to see morning in my life," she said. "I thought the day would never break. I—I wonder how long it will be before Grif will be reading his letter?"

"He may get it before nine o'clock," answered Aimee, "but don't trouble about it, or the day will seem twice as long. Take Tod downstairs and wash and dress him. It will give you something else to think of."

The wise one herself had not slept well. Truth to say, she was troubled about more things than one. She was troubled to account for the meaning of Dolly's absence with Gowan. Even in her excitement, Dolly had not felt the secret quite her own, and had only given a skeleton explanation of the true state of affairs.

"It was something about Mollie and Gerald Chandos," she had said; "and if I had not gone it would have been worse than death to Mollie. Don't ask me to tell you what it was, because I can't. Perhaps Mollie will explain herself before many days are over. She always tells you everything, you know. But it was no real fault of hers: she was silly, but not wicked, and she is very sorry for Gerald Chandos now for ever. And I saved her, Aimee."

And so the wise one had lain awake and thought and thought all sorts of impossible escapades. But as she was dressing herself herself this morning the truth flashed upon her, though it was scarcely the whole truth.

"She was going to elope with him," she exclaimed, all at once; "that was what she was going to do. Oh, Mollie, Mollie, what a romantic goose you are!"

And having reached this solution she closed her small, determined mouth in discreet silence, resolving to wait for Mollie's confession, which she knew was sure to come sooner or later. As to Mollie herself, she came down subdued and silent. She had slept off the effects of her first shock, but had by no means forgotten it. She would never forget it, poor child, as long as she lived, and she was so grateful to find herself safe in the shabby rooms again that she had very little to say; and since she was in so novel a mood the members of the family who were not in the secret decided that her headache must have been a very severe one indeed.

"Don't say anything to her about Grif," Dolly cautioned Aimee. "It would only trouble her." And so the morning passed; but even at twelve o'clock there was no Grif, and Dolly began to grow restless and walk to and fro from the window to the heavy curtain at intervals. Dinner-hour arrived, but still no arrival; and Dolly sat at the table among them, eating nothing and saying little enough. How could she talk when every step upon the pavement set her heart bounding? When dinner was over and Phil had gone back to the studio she looked so helpless and woe-begone that Aimee felt constrained to comfort her.

"It may have been delayed," she whispered to her, "or he may have left the house earlier than usual, and so won't see it until to-night. He will be here to-night, Dolly, depend upon it."

And so they waited. Ah, how that window was watched that afternoon! How often Dolly started from her chair and ran to look out, half-suffocated by her heart-beating! But it was of no avail. As twilight came on she took her station before it, and knelt upon the carpet for an hour watching, but in the end she turned away all at once, and running to the fire again, caught Tod up in her arms, and startled Aimee by bursting into a passion of tears.

"Oh, Tod!" she sobbed, "he is not coming! He will never come again—he has left us for ever! Oh, Tod, love poor Aunt Dolly, darling!" And she hid her face on the little fellow's shoulders, crying piteously.

She did not go to the window again. When she was calmer, she remained on her chair colorless and exhausted, but clinging to Tod still in a queer pathetic way, and letting him pull at her collar and her ribbons and her hair. The boy, with his relentless baby hands, and his pretty, tyrannical, restless ways seemed to help her a little, and half distract her thoughts.

She became quieter and quieter as the evening waned; indeed she was so quiet that Aimee wondered. She was strangely pale, but she did not start when footsteps were heard on the street, and she ceased turning toward the door when it opened.

"He—he may come in the morning," Aimee faltered, as they went upstairs to bed.

"No, he will not," she answered her quite steadily. "It will be as I said it would—he will never come again."

But when they reached their room, the unnatural, strained quiet gave way, and she flung herself upon the bed, sobbing and fighting against the hysterical suffering which had conquered her the night before.

It was the very ghost of the old indomitable Dolly who rose the next morning. Her hands shook as she dressed her hair, and there were shadows under her eyes. But she must go back to Brabazon Lodge notwithstanding.

"I can say that I have a nervous headache," she said to Aimee. "Nervous headaches are useful things."

"If a letter comes," said Aimee, "I will bring it to you myself."

The girl turned toward her suddenly, her eyes hard and bright, and her mouth working.

"I have no last letter," she said. "My last letters came to me when Grif laid that package upon the table. He has done with me."

"Done with you?" cried Aimee, frightened by her manner. "With you, Dolly?"

Then for the first time Dolly flushed scarlet to the very roots of her hair.

"Yes," she said, "he has done with me. If there had been half a chance that he would ever come to me again, he would have kept him that night would have brought him. A word of it would have brought him—the first word. But he is having his revenge by treating it with contempt. He is saying to me that it is too late, and that no humility on my part can touch him. I scarcely could have thought that of him—" dropping into a chair by the toilet-table, and hiding her face in her hands.

"It is not like Grif to let me humble myself for nothing. And I did humble myself—ah, she been doing with herself until such an hour? Where was Grif? Wasn't he awfully vexed? What had he said when she came in? All of which inquiries the two parried as best they might.

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"Did he send it back to me?" she asked, in a slow, fearful whisper.

Her expression was so hard and dreadful a one that Aimee sprang to her side and caught hold of her.

"No—no!" she said; not so bad as that! He would never have done that. He has never had it. He has gone away; we don't know where. It came from the dead-letter office."

Dolly took the letter from her and opened it slowly, and there, as she knelt, read it, word for word, as if it had been something she had never seen before. Then she put it back into the envelope and laid it down.

"A dead letter!" she said. "A dead letter! If he had sent it back to me, I think it would have cured me; but now there is no cure for me at all. If he had read it he would have come—if he had only read it; but it is a dead letter, and he is gone."

There were no tears, the blow had been too heavy. It was only Aimee who had tears to shed, and it was Dolly who tried to console her in a strained, weary sort of way.

"Don't cry," she said, "it is all over now. Perhaps the worst part of the pain is past. There will be no blossoms at Putney, and the solitary rose-bush will bloom for some one else; they may sell the green sofa now as cheap as they will, we shall not buy it. Our seven years of waiting have all ended in a dead letter.

(To be Continued.)

Tree Planting.

The following twenty rules are self-evident to most tree planters, who, for want of attention break some of them, and reminders are therefore often useful, says the *Country Gentleman:*

1. A valuable sort is worth more than merely a handsome tree.

2. Good healthy bracing roots are of more importance than a symmetrical top.

3. The roots should be long and strong enough, and the top made light enough, to obviate any staking.

4. If the roots of a tree are frozen, and then thawed out of the ground or in contact with the air, the trees will be killed.

5. If frozen roots are thawed in compactly pressed, mellow earth, the tree may be made to live.

6. Manure should never be placed in contact with the roots when setting out a tree, but used for a mulch or top dressing.

7. Trees should always be set about as deep as they stood in the nursery, or two or three inches deeper, to allow for the settling of the earth.

8. Spread out the roots nearly equally on all sides, so as to brace the tree well.

9. Avoid particularly any small cavity next the roots, but fill compactly against them on all sides with fine, mellow earth.

10. A small, thrifty tree, with copious roots when set out, will be a good bearing tree sooner than a large one with few roots.

11. Watering in dry weather crusts the surface and does not reach the roots.

12. Young trees should not be set in a grass lot, or among any crops of sowed grain; but the whole surface kept clean and mellow.

13. Shriveled trees, before planting, may be made plump by covering for several days, compactly, with moist, mellow earth.

14. If newly set ones suffer from drought, mulch the ground about them, and frequently sprinkle or water the extreme branches.

15. The roots extend as far from the tree as its entire height; clean and mellow cultivation should therefore cover a circle twice as wide as its height.

16. As a general rule, cultivation should be continued for six, eight or ten years from planting, after which closely grazed or lawn mowed grass may be permitted with frequent top-dressing.

17. The amount of manuring or top-dressing must vary with the vigor of the trees; young trees should grow two or three feet yearly and bearing ones should not grow.

18. Keep an eye to the future shape of the tree, and timely remove small, needless crossing or crooked limbs. This will obviate heavy pruning in after years.

19. Pruning when dormant tends to impart vigor; but if done when growing or in leaf it checks growth. Therefore a vigorous tree should never be pruned after growth commences in the spring. But healthy, strong trees may be pruned at either season.

20. Most of the "bad" with young trees and orchards is the result of neglecting the preceding rules.

The Hammock's Mission.

It was but a shy, retiring hammock covered with dust; it had lain for months in a secluded garret where the silence was broken only by the scampering of the mice or the noisy odor of the cockroach. Yet this hammock had a mission in life, and when the hired man came up and carried it forth from its lair of old liniment bottles and seatless chairs it knew that its time for action had come.

Soon was it oscillating gently beneath the shadows of the great oak trees, awaiting the coming of Algernon and Mabel, who were soon seen strolling down from the front porch. Soon the sighs of the hammock were swung listlessness. Three hundred pounds of avoirdupois is likely to take any trace of listlessness out of the most indolent hammock.

The turtle doves ceased their gentle music, listened and hung their heads in shame to find that after years of practice they had not mastered the first principles of the art of cooing. A single star came out, twinkled for a few moments, then hid itself behind a moonbeam, disappeared at finding itself out-dazzled by the love-lit lustre of two pairs of eyes.

Suddenly the hammock's overstrained nerves gave way. A single report like the snapping of a toy pistol, and mother earth received two of her children upon her broad bosom.

"Confound that——" cried the hammock," said Algernon simply, yet he poured all his soul into those few words.

"Algernon, I can never be anything to you now than a sister," she said gently, as she pulled her back hair out of Algernon's coat collar.

That was all.

Two lives were severed and two hearts forever blasted.

The mission of the hammock was fulfilled.

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

The Brotherhoods.

Secretaries of lodges will address, Editor, Saturday Night.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

From Bro. D.D.G.R. Brandon's report to the Grand Council this month membership in the four councils in the city is shown to be 503, made up as follows:—Canada, No. 512, 270; Maple Leaf, No. 867, 160; Beaver, No. 845, 120; Dominion, No. 875, 53. The beneficiaries of the late Bros. Gibson, of Canada Council, and Kater, of Beaver Council, were paid the sums secured to them by membership in the order, viz., $3,000 and $1,500 respectively, within thirty days after death.

Great preparations are being made by the Grand Council of Ontario and the Toronto councils for the reception of the Supreme Council R. A., which begins its sessions in Room C, Shaftesbury Hall, Tuesday afternoon, June 5, continuing for probably a week. About sixty representatives and their ladies will be present, and will locate at the Rossin House. A committee of the following members will look after the welfare of the visitors during their stay in the city:—Bros. D. McLellan, Grand Regent, Hamilton; W. E. Brown, Grand Secretary, Hamilton; Judge Toms, Goderich, and D. F. McWatt, Barrie, representing the Grand Council, and Bros. Howorth, Riches, Hickson, Bryce, Brandon, Thompson, Awde and Firstbrook, of Canada Council; Dudley, Corcoran, English, Doherty, Gray and Gould, of Maple Leaf Council; Allen, Atkinson, Riches, Morley and Sargant, of Beaver Council; Carkeek, Benson, Haight, Cormack and Blackford, of Dominion Council, with Bros. J. G. Howorth as Chairman; W. R. Haight, Secretary; F. G. Morley, Assistant Secretary, and Jas. Brandon, Treasurer. Programme is as follows: Tuesday evening, 5th—Visit to Maple Leaf Council session. Wednesday evening—Grand public reception in Horticultural Gardens, music by Citizens' Band; address by Mayor Clarke on behalf of city; by Bro. J. G. Withrow for R. A., and replies by Supreme Council officers; Conversazione. Thursday afternoon—Sail on lake, steamer Chicora; music by Claxton's orchestra; refreshments by Harry Webb; Saturday afternoon—Drive around the city, parks, public buildings, etc. Sunday evening—Divine service in Carlton street Methodist Church. Sermon will be preached by Rev. Bro. Washington Gardner of Jackson, Mich., Supreme Chaplain, and special musical service will be rendered by the choir, under direction of Prof. J. Churchill Arlidge, organist. Monday evening—Reception tendered by Supreme Council to city councils. Au Revoir! Bon Voyage! The brotherhood look forward to a most pleasant meeting with the brethren from all parts of the Union who will be present at this session.

SONS OF ENGLAND.

Lodge Preston, No. 65, was formally opened and dedicated on Wednesday, May 16, in the Jubilee Hall, College street, by the following Grand Lodge officers: S. B. Pollard, M. W. G. P.; Thos. R. Skippon, P. G. P., and John W. Carter, R. W. G. Secretary, assisted by W. Miles, president Norfolk Lodge; T. H. Johnstone, president Surrey Lodge; Will T. James, president Windsor Lodge; F. J. Drewitt, president Portsmouth Lodge; H. J. Boswell, president Richmond Lodge; T. Cannon, sr., P. P. Surrey Lodge; W. H. Thorpe, P. P. Windsor Lodge; Ed. Cannon, P. P. Surrey Lodge; Chas. E. Smith, secretary Albion Lodge; T. Cannon, jr., secretary Surrey Lodge; W. Huxley, secretary Windsor Lodge, and W. Barker, Past District Deputy. The room was crowded with members of the following lodges: Essex, Middlesex, Windsor, Portsmouth, Richmond, Norfolk, Surrey, York and St. George. The election of officers to fill the various positions in the new lodge resulted as follows: Jno. Aldridge, President; W. E. Southgate, Vice-President; Jno. Nunn, P. P.; Rev. Hy. Softley, Chaplain; J. J. Pritchard, sr., Secretary; W. Guile, Treasurer; Committee, J. J. Pritchard, jr., Chas. Copley, W. Shelton, S. H. Slaney, W. H. Fox, J. M. Gander; Inner Guard, W. Higgins; Surgeon, S. B. Pollard, M. D.; Trustees, Chas. E. Hooper, Jas. Spooner and F. J. Robinson. At the conclusion of business the brethren entertained the visitors with refreshments.

The brethren of the various city lodges will assemble at Shaftesbury Hall to-morrow (Sunday) May 27th, at 2.30 p. m., and proceed in a body to St. James' Cathedral, where the 12th annual sermon will be preached by Bro. Rev. W. H. Clarke, M. A., rector of St. Barnabas' Church. Special music will be rendered by the cathedral choir.

Lodge Surrey, No. 11, held a successful meeting at Hinchcliffe's Hall, Bloor street west, on Monday evening, May 21st, Bro. T. H. Johnstone, president, in the chair. The dinner committee reported progress, and judged from the sale of tickets that it would be a great success. The lodge closed in due form, after which a White Degree meeting was held and three members raised to that degree.

A new lodge is in course of formation in the suburb of Brockton, and will be formally opened and dedicated in a few weeks.

The picnic committee met at Shaftesbury Hall on Wednesday evening when great progress was made in the arrangements for the annual picnic to be held in July.

The Montreal brethren will attend divine service on May 27th. They will meet in Yorkshire Lodge and from thence march in procession to church.

On Monday last Excelsior, Yorkshire and Victoria Jubilee Lodges of Montreal gave a grand concert at the Masonic Hall in the Place d'Armes, which was a grand success. Past Grand President Millington installed several officers in Victoria Jubilee Lodge last Friday.

The United White Rose degree lodges in Montreal presented Bro. Martin, P. P. of Excelsior Lodge with a handsome present as a small token, etc.

The Grand Secretary of the Order, Jno. W. Carter, instituted a White Rose degree lodge in connection with Trafalgar lodge, London South, on Monday last, after which he was entertained by the members of the Order. On Tuesday evening he instituted Kensington lodge, No. 61, London West. The following officers were elected: President, W. H. Bartram; Vice-President, R. F. Lacey; Secretary, R. A. Jones, Treasurer, Wm. Nichols; Chaplain, Henry Axtell; Surgeon, Dr. D. H. Piper; Past President, James Ellis; 1st Guide, Henry Vincent; Inside Guard, Jas. Brazier; Outside Guard, Jas. Coleman. This lodge promises to be one of the best in London. The Grand Secretary was assisted in the institution of this lodge by the officers and members of the city lodges. He also paid a flying visit to St. Thomas, and spent several hours with the principal officers there. Chester and Truro lodges attended divine service on Sunday last.

CANADIAN HOME CIRCLE.

A circle of the Order, No. 105, has been instituted at Napanee with the following officers: P. L., T. D. Pruyn; L., H. V. Fralick; V. L., Sarah Fralick; Secy., W. E. Doxsee; T., G. H. Cowan; F. Secy., M. A. Shirley; C., Mrs. Jane Fralick; M., M. A. Parrott; W., Mrs. H. Fralick; G., Mrs. G. Baughn; Sen., F. W. Vandusen; Med. Examiner, Dr. G. H. Cowan. The circle starts with a membership of twenty and is composed of some of the leading citizens.

Messrs. P. M. Patteson, supreme organizer, Waterford; J. H. McLachlan and G. Hartley of Parkdale Circle, called at the new office, 34 Church street, during the week.

The Committee on Revision of the Constitution will hold their final meeting early during the coming week.

The committee have recommended that ten per cent. of each assessment be set aside as a reserve fund against excessive mortality. The members seem to be divided as to the necessity of a reserve fund in a benevolent order, and there is a strong probability that this portion of the report will be rejected.

The Supreme Circle will meet in fourth annual session in Hamilton on the 20th of August. The Hamilton members are already making provisions for the reception of representatives. It is expected that there will be 112 lodges represented and about 150 members in attendance.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

There is quite a lull in the Friday night applications for relief. Last week only four asked for relief, and the number of applicants during the week has considerably diminished, owing to work being comparatively plentiful for all.

Mr. Pell, the secretary of the society, reports a very pleasing circumstance which occurred last week. Whilst walking down the street he was accosted by a well-dressed man, who asked Mr. Pell if he did not recognize him. For a moment the worthy secretary of St. George could not place him, but suddenly it flashed across his mind that this was a young man the society had assisted last winter, at a time when he was badly in need of help. In fact he had been compelled to seek refuge in the House of Industry again and again. Mr. Pell assisted him, and to-day that young man is a respectable and useful member of society, filling a position in a mercantile office with credit to himself and to those who are connected with him; "and," said he, "Mr. Pell, I am going to return to St. George's Society the amount it has so kindly assisted me with in the past."

The Building Committee met last Friday, and decided amongst other things to commence collecting subscriptions for the proposed new buildings in connection with the work of the society. A site has been located—on the Fleming property on Elm street, and prominent men in the city have signified their intention of assisting by material help, as well as by their good wishes.

The different members of the society are falling into line with creditable unanimity, and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when this laudable scheme shall have been carried to a successful issue.

Mr. Hardcash (prospective father-in-law of Goitt)—I suppose your master, Mr. Goitt likes a good time, just like all young fellows, eh!

Hawkins (on his guard)—Lawd, no sir. His moral are hunapproachable.

A Protest from a New Quarter.

Tramp—Talk about yer National Policy and Pertection fer all classes. Pshaw! wy 'ere's us coys—tramps—as was born and gits our livin' right here in this country, havin' to compete now against yer pauper immigrants from England. Aint we got no interests same as manufacters and them fellers? Keep out them foreign paupers and give the native tramps a show.

Old Enough to Know Better.

The Senatorial bad boy who so often cruelly startles poor old Grandpa Senate out of his tranquil repose by letting off his political fire-cracker under the good old gentleman's chair.

W. C. MURRAY
FASHIONABLE TAILOR
279 YONGE STREET
FIRST-CLASS FIT AND FINISH TO ALL OUR WORK

Jtte Cottingham
1 1-2 ELM STREET
Is provided with a large assortment of the latest designs of patterns for stamping. Perforated patterns sold to the trade only and made to order. Stamping boat flags and badges and designing a specialty.

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MISS HARRITA L. CHENEY
(Finished under Mrs. Long of Boston, and Soloist in Henry Ward Beecher's church, and late of New York.)
Teacher of Voice Culture
has organized a class and will take private pupils, apply at R. S. Williams & Co.'s piano rooms, Yonge Street,
MISS CHENEY will accept concert engagements, or as soprano soloist in a choir.

JAS. COX & SON
83 Yonge Street
PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS
Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

Henry A Taylor
No. 1 ROSSIN BLOCK
GENTLEMEN'S FULL DRESS TOILET
Prince Alberts, Silk Lined Overcoats a Specialty
I deal in fabrics made from the choicest wools by the best looms in the world and make them in the most
THOROUGHLY ARTISTIC MANNER
at the lowest prices consistent with the highest standard

LAWN TENNIS SETS
AT
$7.00, $8.50, $10, $12.50, $15, $17.50, $20
SPLENDID VALUE
QUA & CO.
49 King St. West

DINEEN'S HAT STORE
COR. KING AND YONGE STS.
Closes Every Evening but Saturday a 7 O'clock. Closes on Saturday at 11 p. m.
Sole Agents for HENRY HEATH'S
LONDON SILK HATS
Sole Agents for DUNLAP'S celebrated
NEW YORK SILK HATS
Heaviest Importers of Medium and Low-Priced Derbys in Toronto.
Boys' and Children's Hats a Specialty.

FANCY SCARFS
THE "ST LEGER"
is one of Welch, Margetson & Co.'s new spring styles, and is a very taking shape
THE "MOSTON"
is a very fine made-up scarf, soft top, and fits into the collar well
The finest assortment of High Class Furnishings in the city
WHEATON & CO.
17 KING STREET WEST
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DORENWEND'S NEW STYLES
IN
FRONTPIECES
Take the Lead!

THE
Summer, Painted, Standard & New Pompadour
Are the most becoming designs yet offered. No wiggy or heavy look about them—as natural as the hair on the head. Come and see them. Also all other kinds of HAIR GOODS, HAIR ORNAMENTS, &c. Just opened, fine lines of HAIR PINS, in Shell, Amber, Jet, &c.
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PARIS HAIR WORKS,
103 and 105 YONGE ST., TORONTO
The Leading House for Fine Hair Goods.

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PHOTOGRAPHER,
Cor. Yonge and King Streets.
FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
The Ladies' Tailors, 218 Yonge St., cor. Albert
SPECIALTIES FOR NEXT WEEK
MANTLE DEPARTMENT
HOUSE JERSEYS from $1 upwards. Every lady should have one. ALL OVER JET WRAPS, from $5 upwards. 50 BLACK JERSEY JACKETS at $1.50, worth $3.50, 50 at $2.50, worth $5. 40 BLACK JERSEY JACKETS at $3.25, worth $6.
DRESS GOODS
Just received a lot of ALL-WOOL NUNS' VEILINGS, at 12½c., worth 20c., also 50 pieces CAMELOT CLOTHS at 10c., well worth 20c.
DRESS SILKS
COLORED SATIN MERVS and RHADAMES in all the fashionable shades, 50c., 75c. and $1, worth double the money.
KID GLOVES
The following celebrated makes—LAURENCE, PERRIN FRERES and JOSEPHINE, in two, three and four buttons at 25, 35, 50, 75 and 90c.
CORSETS
A large selection, comprising all the leading makes, at prices ranging from 50c. to $2.50. We have a corset made specially for our trade at $1, guaranteed not to break or curl, or money refunded.
DRESS AND MANTLEMAKING AN ART WITH US
H. S. MORISON & CO.
218 Yonge Street, successors to J. Pittman & Co.

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Littlejohn Fox, tall, thin and woe-begone, strangely out of place must he have felt as such a character in such a show; Mr. Kowley Moffatt, in long scarlet cloak and with face like that I once saw in a picture of Cardinal Wolsey lying in state after death; Capt. Macdougall, whose broad shoulders and sinewy frame secured him safety from the result of his overbearing looks and actions free; the crowds of brightly-dressed rustics, silly, winning, gaping or rudely gay as became their several characters; the handsome, dashing, naughty gentlemen of the court, with ladies beautiful and, if history errs not, naughty as themselves; the village witch, whose bent shoulders and high-pointed hat could not conceal a most exceptionally pretty face.

The gem of the masque was, I thought, the trio, dance and song with chorus of rustics, by Miss Weatherstone, Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Dunstan. It was dance and sung with a verve and go that would have done credit to a professional performance, and has been nightly redemanded. Madame D'Aurias two songs were not a good choice: some old English ballad, even though it did not afford her so good a chance of displaying her fine execution, would have been better suited to the place. The part of Mr. Wood, the gentleman-usher, was a thankless one; he made good use, however, of his powerful voice, and spoke his lines so that they could be heard. It was a pity that the audience would not remain seated to listen to the lines of the epilogue, for they were distinctly worth listening to. So few people can have heard them that I should be doing a service to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT by quoting them here, but unfortunately I have lost my copy of the libretto, so cannot do so. It only remains to be said that the greatest credit is due to Mrs. Harrison (Seranus), and also to Mrs. Fitzgibbon, for their conception of so quaint a conceit, and for the thoroughness with which the idea was carried out. Many books must they have consulted, and many old pictures sought out in the course of their labors.

A number of Miss Donna Lamont's little friends met at her parents' residence, to celebrate her eleventh birthday, on Friday last. The evening passed pleasantly, in dancing and games, presided over by the youthful hostess with a tact which would have done credit to maturer years. After supper the juveniles departed heartily wishing Miss Donna and themselves, Many happy returns of the day.

When what I am writing is in the hands of the many readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, the ball which closed the fair will also be a thing of the past. Fancy dress and calico it has been called, but it was understood that weavers of the orthodox black coat and white tie would also be welcomed. Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie has ably performed his duties as secretary, and the committeemen, Messrs. O'Brien, Morrison, G. Michie, E. C. Rutherford, W. Spratt, C. S. Dickson, R. M. Shanly, Hay, B. Cronyn, R. Thomas, A. Nordheimer, Harcourt-Vernon, W. R. Moffatt, George Torrance and Fox, have, with short time at their disposal, left no stone unturned to command success. The lady patronesses were Mesdames Douglas Armour, W. J. Baines, Cattanach, Drayton, Dickson, Lee, McMurray, MacKelcan, McMahon, Albert Nordheimer, Skae and Torrance.

Although most of the ladies employed in many capacities at the Fair adhered accurately to the wishes of the management that they should attire themselves in old English dresses, yet a few rather startling anachronisms might be seen. I noticed one lady dressed as an Italian peasant, and another in a very pretty costume, namely that of a French cook. Again is it possible that some gowns of the last century were as similar to a charming morning frock of the present day, as those worn by more than one lady in the flower-stall.

On Thursday the Allan steamer Parisian sailed from Quebec, and bore with her his Excellency the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lady Lansdowne. Early next week Lord Stanley of Preston sails from Liverpool, thus the new Governor-General will pass the late Governor-General in mid-ocean. The King is dead, long live the King. If Lord Stanley shows the same *penchant* for Toronto that his predecessor always evinced, and if he proves to be so socially agreeable a man and hospitable an entertainer, he will be warmly welcomed, and at the close of his five years will be regretted as Lord Lansdowne is regretted.

The same boat which took Lord Lansdowne from Canada's shores bore also two of the most popular of Toronto *dames de société*. Mrs. J. K. Kerr goes to spend a few weeks at her home in Cheshire, and later, when Mr. Kerr joins her, will travel through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Miss Laura Boulton of Grange Road, until the voyage is over at all events, will be Mrs. Kerr's traveling companion. This will be Miss Boulton's first experience of England, and ere she returns will have seen something of the continent.

Two other passengers on the Parisian were Colonel Gzowski and the Hon. Oliver Mowat. Colonel and Honorable for the last time. The Queen has recognized their great services, and they will return K. C. B's.

Yet another lady of Toronto goes by the same popular boat. Mrs. Christopher Robinson has so far recovered from an illness so severe that it was at one time pronounced hopeless, that complete change of air and scene is said to be all that is wanted to complete her cure.

On Monday, by way of a farewell to Mrs. Kerr and Miss Boulton, Miss Robinson gave a large tea party at Sleepy Hollow. All who were invited attended to bid the fair travelers *bon voyage*.

Colonel and Mrs. Grant, also Mr. Beverley Robinson, jr., are at present staying at Sleepy Hollow.

Another holiday seeker on the other side of the Atlantic is Mr. John Morrow, who has chosen a North German Lloyd steamer for his transit.

Miss Laura D'Arcy Boulton is residing in New York for the present. I believe that her elder sister, Miss Boulton, is to follow her there shortly.

Miss Mabel Henderson of Kingston is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Temple on St. George street.

Mr. Wm. McInnes has left Mrs. Heward's house and returned to Montreal.

Another of the ladies whom Toronto will temporarily mourn is Miss D'Alton McCarthy, who leaves in a week or two for an extended visit to England.

Another face which after so long a seclusion it was pleasant to see in public once more was that of Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer. In a close-fitting black dress Mrs. Nordheimer looked her best. On the same night the same sombre but becoming color was worn by Mrs. Melford Boulton, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Heineman, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer and several other ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's riding and driving party to the Humber last week was largely attended and highly enjoyable. There are few towns whose *environs* afford better riding grounds than the turf and sandy roads both to the west and east of Toronto.

Dr. and Mrs. Larratt-Smith also gave a large riding party on the same day. Their course over the Don and in the direction of Norway caused them to fall in with the Toronto Hunt Club and hounds, and enabled them to join in the exciting chase of a real tame fox. The other party had a fox too, also fairly tame, but of a different kind.

I must not forget to mention that the charm of Miss Annie Howden's excellent singing was added to the cafe chantant at the fair this week. With two such singers as Miss Howden and Mrs. MacKelcan from outside, and with Miss Robinson, Mrs. Torrance, Miss Morgan, Mr. William Blake, and Mr. Schuch from amongst our local talent, there was music in the charming cafe well worth the price one paid to hear it. Ten cents admission, ten cents for coffee, twenty-five cents for a package of cigarettes—ridiculously cheap.

The fashionable world, and the half-world that hangs on the skirts of the first, and that mass of human beings that delights in looking at and wondering over the fashionable world—all these have been doing the Art Fair; and all else has been absorbed in this same Art Fair. Crowds have been there, and in all the confusion and busy hum the parade of fashion and costumery was, after all, compelled to share the public interest with the Divine Art. Music was almost constant. In the first place the permanent part of the entertainment was an orchestra of twelve men supplied by Mr. Thomas Claxton, who played very fairly, but who had the same antipathy to rehearsals that the conventional small boy has to soap and water. In addition to this the drummer deserves special mention for the alacrity with which he improvised a big drum obligato to the Wedding March. The music of Midsummer Night's Dream had been adapted for the pageant of this title by Mr. J. H. Plummer, and this with a good part of the May Masque was supplied by the orchestra. As time wore on all went much smoother, and this became an established favorite.

Few who saw the May Masque could form any idea of the anxious moments it had cost Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, who compiled it and pieced it together very cleverly. A band of good-natured, easy-going, well-intentioned workers such as this merry crew is the hardest material in the world to manage, and that the performances turned out such successes is vastly to that lady's credit. Mme. D'Auria sang two old English songs, of which The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington received an exquisite rendering. As the Queen of the May this lady was very successful, and was almost completely disguised, so much so that when I heard her first song and saw the Signor accompanying her I concluded it was a conservatory *debutante* and was congratulating that institution warmly on its good fortune. Miss Weatherston made a capital Maid Marian, and infused a spirit and decision into her part which excellently portrayed the vixenish and jealous girl.

Mr. Moffatt's Sheriff of Nottingham, Mr. Rutherford's Jester and Mr. Dunstan's Friar Tuck were unquestionable successes, and the Morris Dance by Maid Marian, Friar Tuck and the Jester, was full of spirit and dash, and had to be repeated on each occasion. A valuable addition to the musical forces was Mr. Sims Richards, who sang several of his characteristic English songs with great gusto and to the delight of the audience. One of these carried with it a chorus which might have been made effective, and which was spoiled by being sung in unison, for which it was altogether unfitted. The choruses generally were well sung, especially Come Lasses and Lads. The action was here and there a little halting and abrupt, but improved vastly with each performance, a result that was due to Mrs. Morrison's watchful supervision. This lady has had the whole of the stage arrangements in her care, and certainly had no sinecure, as this department embraces all that goes to make a regular theater and its spectacular performances.

The Midsummer Night's Dream was beautifully rendered by some fifty young girls and boys, who had been trained in the music by Mr. Plummer, and did him excellent credit. They sang with precision and confidence, and their perfect time and intonation made this, to my mind, the most pleasing performance of the Fair, with a possible reservation in favor of Mrs. Hillary's Gipsies. Miss Connie Jarvis made a most graceful Oberon, and was well paired with Miss Edith Jarvis as Titania. Master Walter Moss was a most entertaining Puck, while Master Vaux Chadwick was thoroughly successful as the dazed weaver, Bottom. All the solo parts were most creditably sung, but the honors were carried off by Miss Ella Patterson as First Fary, who has a beautiful, fresh voice, and who sings with gusto, taste, and expression.

A rare treat was the singing of the Gipsies from Bohemia. A band of some twenty young ladies, characteristically attired, sang two beautiful part-songs in splendid style, under the efficient leadership of Miss Hillary, who was ably seconded by Miss Elwell and Mme. de Chadenedes. An especially charming feature was the singing, by the latter, of Robin Adair with vocal accompaniment. A programme of most enjoyable music, under Mr. Torrington's direction, occupied part of one evening in which Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Cheney, Miss Ryan and Mr. Arlidge took part. Mrs. Caldwell sang the ever-enjoyable Lo! Here the Gentle Lark at Heaven's Gate, with the assistance of Mr. Arlidge and his flute, to the great delight of the audience, and had to repeat it. Mr. Arlidge played a solo in his best style, and Miss Cheney and Miss Ryan sang The Last Rose of Summer and Robert toi que J'aime, respectively, in a manner that drew forth the warmest applause. On Saturday evening Mr. Edward Fisher directed a concert contributed by the Conservatory of Music, which was much enjoyed by all present.

Miss Elwell played three very old piano pieces with excellent effect. She has a fine firm touch and great technical facility, and plays with a delightful certainty. One always feels that she thoroughly understands what she is going to do and does it accordingly without any shilly-shally. I have heard the whilom Toronto String Quartette speak in terms of the highest praise of her on the occasion when she assisted them, the universal verdict being that she is as steady as a rock. The vocal performers were Miss Chaplain, Miss Evelyn Severs, Mr. Bunton and Miss Annie Howden, all of whom sang most charmingly. A curious matter was the crediting of Tacea la Notte to the Huguenots. Such a mistake should not occur on the programme of an educational institution. Miss Alexander gave an excellent reading from the Merchant of Venice.

In the cafe chantant there was a rare mixture of lovely young ladies, mediæval costumes, coffee, cigarettes and music. Every night there was a succession of fine vocal programmes which were short but sweet. Two or three songs or quartettes formed the entertainment for those whom the blandishments of Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Baines as outside agents had attracted, and then they were invited to depart and make room for another audience. By this means quite a number of concerts was given each evening, and a handsome pecuniary result realized. Among those who took part in these concerts were Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Frank MacKelcan, Miss Robinson, Miss Howden, Miss Armstrong, Mr. W. Blake and Mr. Schuch.

Next week brings us the Choral Society's concert on Tuesday night, for which great preparations are being made and which promises to be one of the most effective entertainments given by that well conducted society. Wednesday unders in the piano recital of Mr. Harry M. Field, the young Torontonian who was already a favorite in musical circles before he went to Germany, where he spent three years in study under the best masters. As Mr. Field has not played in public since his return great interest is manifested in this recital, and I can assure the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT that those who have been favored with a private hearing are uniformly delighted with his work. He will play the Beethoven sonata in G flat, op. 31, a ballade of Chopin and the Liszt E Major Polonaise. Miss Agnes Huntington, who is always sure of a welcome in Toronto, will assist Mr. Field and will sing Ah Quel Giorno from Semiramide, Three Love Hours by Studley and Schumann's O, Sonnenschein.

I have received some very complimentary notices from Halifax and St. John papers anent the singing of Mr. Joseph Fay. This gentleman is an old Toronto boy, whom many will remember as Mr. Joseph C. Fahey. Joe is married and is now one of the best comic opera baritones in America, and we oldsters can only regret that our good luck has not been sufficient to bring him to us in many years.

A very enjoyable organ recital was given by several of Mr. Torrington's pupils on Saturday afternoon in the Metropolitan Church. Pupils' recitals, as a rule, are not the most enjoyable events to attend, but this proved a welcome exception. The programme was opened by Miss Williams, who played an Andante in F by Calkin, and an Allegro by Rink most effectively. Mr. Blakeley, organist of Sherbourne street Church, played Mendelssohn's No. 2 Sonata, and Bach's G minor fugue with excellent technique and with a thorough mastery of the resources of the fine instrument he was playing on. It will be well to keep an eye on this young gentleman; he is one of the rising ones. Mrs. Blight played the D Major Fugue in superb style and followed with a movement from a sonata by Guilmant. Messrs. George Taylor and Fred Warrington sang a solo each and a duet, and Mr. Torrington closed the programme with a brilliant rendering of Meyerbeer's Fackeltanz.

The great Gilmore will be here with his splendid band on Monday and Tuesday, June 4 and 5. He brings with him a brigade of anvil players and a park of artillery, and with the chorus of the Philharmonic Society will give an ideal rendering of the Anvil Chorus and of the great national hymns. Mme. Annie Louise Tanner and Sig. Tagliapietra are the great vocal attractions, and will be assisted by others of equal excellence. Some splendid choruses from the oratorios and operas will be performed, and the musical season will receive a fitting close.

In my notices of Mr. Torrington's piano recital on the 9th, I omitted to mention that the piano part in the Beethoven trio was played by Miss Bailey. The omission was an injustice to that young lady, as she is one of Mr. Torrington's most promising pupils, and is an excellent executant.

METRONOME.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Kirkpatrick have returned from their wedding trip and have taken up their residence at 272 Jarvis street.

Mrs. Stewart of Neunham, Haliburton, is in town, the guest of Mrs. J. J. Dixon of 214 Wellesley street.

Mr. C. A. Hirschfelder, American Vice-Consul, sailed on board the S. S. Circassian for the old country in pursuit of scientific researches.

Mr. Walter Townsend and family leave Toronto shortly for Montreal. The household furniture is to be sold on Tuesday next at the family residence, 139 College street.

The presentation of tournament prizes will take place to-night at the Athenæum Club. Refreshments will be provided by Harry Webb, and doubtless a large gathering of the members of the club and their lady friends will make this popular club room a brilliant scene to-night.

For Saturday Night.

He had known it well in his boyhood days,
From the mill-pond up to its source;
Thro' beaver-meadows and birchen glades,
Where sunshine shimmers, and sunlight fades,
He had followed its winding course.

In cedar shades where the trout lay deep,
And the nettle and tall fern grew,
Thro' fields of clover and growing grain,
Past snow-white orchard and country lane.
Each pathway his footsteps knew.

On each beaten path near the stream's green banks,
His bare, sun-browned feet had strayed,
What slippery logs he here had crossed,
What speckled "monster" he there had "lost,"
What wonderful catches he made.

And he thinks of it all with a bitter pain,
At the close of one long, hot day,
Just twenty years after, as he hobbles lame,
With empty basket, and pain-wracked frame,
By that stream in the twilight grey.

Each favorite pool has been sought for in vain,
In this stream now so sluggish and strange,
For the old-time meadows and sun-lit glades,
The musical ripple and pure cascades
Belong to the shadows of change.

And a small, freckled boy, with a crooked pole,
And a long string of suckers and "pout,"
Looks over the stream with a grinning surprise,
As the luckless fisherman eagerly cries:
"How much do you want for your trout?"

And he learns with a pang that the trout is unknown,
That the stream holds but suckers and "cats,"
And his wonderful tales of some old time catch,
Some "four-pound beauty," with others to match,
Are received by that boy with—"Rats!"

—S. HOWES.

Fifty cents on the dollar is the figure that Dantord Roche & Co., are clearing out clothing, hats and tweeds, and seventy-five cents on the dollar for carpets, they intend to relinquish the above departments, and enlarge their other department, namely: dress goods, silks, hosiery, millinery and mantles. They sell a good class of goods.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

Kohl, Mrs. G. A., on the 12th inst., at Montreal—a daughter.

Perrin, Mrs. L., on the 21st inst., at the Manse, Kirkfield—a daughter.

Crickmore, Mrs. Edwin, on the 21st inst., at Erindale—a daughter.

Blackstock, Mrs. T. G., on the 19th inst., at 411 Sherbourne street—a son.

Marriages.

JACKES—LEE—At the residence of the bride's father, No. 526 Jarvis street, by the venerable Archdeacon Boddy, rector of St. Peter's Church, Mr. R. H. Jackes, only son of Joseph Jackes, of the Elms, to Emily (Lulu), eldest daughter of Thomas H. Lee, all of Toronto.

PRICE—ROGERS—At the residence of the bride's father, 270 Bathurst street, on Wednesday, May 16, by the Rev. G. L. Aliputt, Wm. R. Price, to Minnie, eldest daughter of J. W. D. Rogers, Toronto.

ROBINSON—POYNTON—On May 16th, in the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, by the Rev. Septimus Jones, M. A., rector, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Berardin, Principal of Wycliffe College, the Rev. J. Cooper Robinson, missionary designate for Japan, to Bissie, second daughter of E. Poynton, of Nottingham, England.

Deaths.

Manning, Alexander Francis, on 20th inst., at Toronto, aged 37 years.

Briggs, Henry, on 21st year, at Toronto, aged 66 years.

Davis, George, on 15th inst., at Brampton, aged 56 years.

Bryant, Mrs. James, on 22nd inst., at Bradford.

Smith, Charles M., on 22nd inst., at Toronto, aged 39 years.

Bennett, Donella May, on 19th inst., at Toronto, aged 3 years.

McLennan, Christina, on 13th inst., at Toronto Junction, aged 67 years.

Paul, Annie, on 19th inst., at Toronto, aged 31 years.

Bowes, Barbara, on 20th inst., at Toronto, aged 72 years.

Strathy, George Hatton, De Winton, at Sydney, Australia, aged 29 years.

Woodhouse, John, on 19th inst., at Port Whitby, aged 71 years.

Eckardt, Andrew, on 20th inst., at Unionville, aged 77 years.

Dalton, S. E., wife of Dr. W. H. Dalton, on 21st inst., at Toronto, aged 68 years.

Out of Town.

CHATHAM.

Mr. Archibald Campbell, M.P., left on Tuesday last for Ottawa.

Miss Birdie Brooke is in London visiting friends.

Mr. Reginald V. Bray returned from Toronto last week, having been successful in his first medical university examination.

Messrs. Walter Scane, Gerald Pegley, James McColl, J. D. Lamont and J. Reed, our successful law students, have returned from Toronto.

The Northwoods have decided to bring Mrs. Scott-Siddons here again this season. She will give her recitals in their hall on the 23rd inst.

Mr. C. G. Bullen of the B. of M., was suddenly called to London on Wednesday last to the death-bed of his brother. FEDORA.

GALT.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons delighted a large and select audience on Monday evening.

Mr. A. D. Strong of the Merchants' Bank has resigned his position to go into the insurance business in Galt.

The Dundas Amateur Minstrels drew a crowded house here on Thursday last. The programme was all that could be desired, being void of the objectionable parts with which minstrels are usually fraught.

The new Opera House, on Queen's square, requires but the interior decorations to be completed. The play for the initial performance has not yet been decided upon. ARIEL.

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A man of shambling gait and ragged appearance forced himself into the counting-room of a large publishing house, and addressing the proprietor, who looked up in astonishment, said:

"I want fifty cents."
"Don't owe you anything."
"I know that, but I need the money."
"Want to buy something to eat, I suppose."
"No, sir, I don't want anything to eat."
"Oh, I see, you want to buy your baby a pair of shoes."
"No, I don't."
"Ah, you want to buy an undershirt."
"No, I don't."
"Then, why do you want fifty cents?"
"Want to get drunk."
"By George!" exclaimed the great business man, "you are farther from being a hypocrite than any fellow I have seen this year. Here's a dollar for you."

Ritualistic and Evangelical.

"So Muttonhedde and Pushwell have quarrelled, have they?"
"Yes—an awful row."
"Humph! They're both pretty bad-tempered, so I suppose a good many high words passed between them?"
"Quite the contrary, dear boy; a good many low ones."

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Subscribers desiring extra tickets should apply at once.

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